

ELBERT B. EDWARDS: MEMOIRS OF A SOUTHERN NEVADA EDUCATOR, SCION OF AN EARLY MORMON PIONEER FAMILY

Interviewee: Elbert Edwards

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Description

Born in 1907 into one of the first families to settle in eastern Nevada, Elbert Edwards constitutes a link with a little-known phase of the pioneer past of southern Nevada. A member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, he conveys an impression of the dedication and the industry of that segment of society. Mr. Edwards has been sensitive to his surroundings and perceptive of his evaluations of them. When he was a youth in Panaca, pioneer agricultural and domestic practices were still common. While there are a number of studies of Mormon community life, this account offers a fresh insight on that subject.

Mr. Edwards was a student at the University of Nevada in the late 1920s, and he became a schoolteacher in Las Vegas at the beginning of the Depression, just as the city and the adjacent area were beginning the remarkable expansion that accompanied the building of Hoover Dam. As a teacher and later as an educational administrator in Boulder City, he was a modern pioneer. Edwards gives an invaluable account of the community and educational problems of southern Nevada a third-of-a-century ago.

Elbert Edwards gives reminiscences of his family's Mormon pioneers; memories of family and everyday life in southern Nevada; a description of his mother's ranch life; accounts of water distribution processes in the Panaca area; remembrances of his training for, and pursuance of a career in education; a perspective on the modern LDS church; the account of a peculiar experience in sighting an unidentified flying object; and a philosophical conclusion. The period and communities in which he lived are among the least known and the least well described in the literature on Nevada, and this memoir will prove important for future researchers on southern and eastern Nevada.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Elbert Edwards, born in Nevada in 1907, has spent his years in the state contributing to his native state's educational, cultural, and economic life. Dr. James Hulse's introduction to Mr. Edwards's memoir describes and evaluates those contributions.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies, Mr. Edwards accepted readily. He was a relaxed, cooperative, and enthusiastic interviewee through six taping sessions, five held from March 8 to 11, 1966, in his Boulder City, Nevada, home, and in his office at the Frontier Fidelity Savings and Loan company in Las Vegas; and one on May 6, 1966, at the office of the Center for Western North American Studies.

The memoir recorded by Elbert Edwards includes reminiscences of his family's Mormon pioneers; memories of family and everyday life in Southern Nevada; a description of his mother's ranch life; accounts of water distribution processes in the Panaca area; remembrances of his training for, and pursuance of a career in education; a

perspective on the modern LDS church; the account of a peculiar experience in sighting an unidentified flying object; and a philosophical conclusion.

The Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies attempts to preserve the past and the present for future research by tape recording the memoirs of persons who have been important in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Nevada and the West Collection of the University of Nevada Library on the Reno campus, and in the Special Collections department of the Nevada Southern University Library. Permission to cite or quote from Elbert Edwards's oral history may be obtained from the Center for Western North American Studies.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada
1968

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

The reminiscences of Elbert Edwards are an unusual and significant contribution to the resource material on Nevada history. Born into one of the first families to settle in eastern Nevada, he constitutes a link with a little-known phase of the pioneer past of that region. A member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, he conveys an impression of the dedication and the industry of that segment of society. One does not read far into this manuscript before he realized that Mr. Edwards—as both a boy and a man—has been sensitive to his surroundings and perceptive in his evaluations of them. When he was a youth in Panaca, many pioneer agricultural and domestic practices were still common, and his descriptions of them are certain to be of value to future students. While there are a number of studies of Mormon community life, this account offers a fresh insights on that subject. Mr. Edwards was a student at the University of Nevada in the late 1920's, and he became a schoolteacher in Las Vegas at

the beginning of the depression, just as that city and the adjacent area were beginning the remarkable expansion that accompanied the building of Hoover Dam. As a teacher and later as an educational administrator in Boulder City, he was participant in a modern kind of pioneering, and one finds here an invaluable account of the community and educational problems of Southern Nevada of a third-of-a-century ago.

Although a few of the episodes described in this manuscript may testify to the contrary, he is a quiet, shy person. His boyhood antics and his encounter with the suspected cattle rustlers might suggest a rougher kind of person than his adult contemporaries have known. His gentle qualities and his professional contacts made it possible for him to win the respect of many of the better-known residents of the Southern Nevada communities of the immediate past and present. The period and communities in which he has lived are among the least known and the least well described in the

literature on Nevada, and this document will prove important for future researchers on Southern and Eastern Nevada.

James W. Hulse
Department of History
University of Nevada
1968

MY FAMILY'S PIONEERS

My ancestry, I think, could be classed as typical American stock. All of my ancestors were from several generations in America, and some of them go back into the 17th century as far as 1654. They were all early members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints which, of course, has played such a prominent part in my life and in the communities in which I have had experience. All of my great grand parents became members in the early 1830's. The church was organized in 1830 and they became members within a very few years of that time.

They were subjected to the continual migrations that were carried on by the church and also to the continual persecution that was carried on against the membership and against the doctrine of the church. In fact, a story comes down to us about my grandmother Electa Edwards. She was a member of the Lee family, born in far west Missouri. The night that she was born, the room was lighted by the fires that had been set by the mobs in that vicinity.

The Edwardses were likewise early members. My great-grandfather joined the church in the year 1837. On my mother's side, her father was only two years old at the time, but his mother joined in 1835. In the case of her maternal ancestor, I don't know just when they joined, but it was at an early date. They all moved around, of course. They were all in Nauvoo at the time of the general exodus out of Illinois and spent varying lengths of time on route from Illinois to Salt Lake City or to the Utah area.

My grandfather Lyman Lafayette Woods migrated in '48. He was an orphan, and at that time was sixteen years of age. He worked his way across, driving an ox team for one of the church authorities.

The Lees came through in 1850, as also did the Edwardses. They settled in various places; the Lees in Tooele, the Edwardses also in Tooele although they later moved to Cache Valley, Utah, where my father was born in 1860. My Grandfather Woods settled in Provo, Utah.

In 1862, the Lee family was called to the Dixie Mission. Of course, the Dixie Mission was established in what was generally termed as "Utah's Dixie" and more generally the St. George area, for the purpose of taking advantage of the long growing season in that area for crops that could not be raised in the regions farther north. This was particularly true of cotton.

The long drive or haul that was required to cross the continent, across the plains and over the mountains, made it very difficult to secure textile goods, so Brigham Young felt it would be to his advantage and to the advantage to the church to raise such things for themselves. With that in mind he established a mission on the upper reaches of the Virgin River.

When the Lees were called to "Dixie" in 1862, they were accompanied by my Grandfather Edwards, who had married Electa Jane Lee, the oldest daughter of the family. They settled originally on the Santa Clara River (more properly a creek, but anyway it did provide opportunities for getting water for irrigation). In 1863, the area experienced such a drought that the streams dried up and the settlers suffered from not being able to get enough water for their crops. They felt that there was a general overpopulation of the area, and as a result they were urged, many of them, to move. There was some exploratory work done in late 1863, and then in 1864, quite a number of families moved into another part of the Virgin River drainage area, into the tributary that is generally known as Meadow Valley Creek, and in what is now part of southeastern Nevada.

The first migration into that area settled in a little area known as Clover Valley, on the Clover Valley Creek which is tributary to the Meadow Valley Creek. This party was led by Bishop Edward Bunker and Dudley

Leavitt. They were a couple that were pretty well paired in opening up new areas. They moved in there early in 1864, and then later in that year, just a matter of a few months later, another party passed through Clover Valley on the way to settle in Meadow Valley. This was made up of my great grandparents on the Lee side and, of course, my grandfather Edwards and his family.

The Edwardses were expecting a new arrival in the family. It was quite imminent and so they took advantage of the settlement that was already established and my grandfather put up a shelter in the form of a dugout, roofed over with willows, rushes and earth. It was here that my uncle, William H. Edwards was born, the first white child to be born in what is now Lincoln County, Nevada.

I have heard my grandmother on different occasions tell of some of the experiences that they had at that time. She used to speak of a snake that wound itself in and out of the thatched ceiling while she was in bed, and she was very indignant when it would lower its head and stick its tongue out at her.

The Indians were quite troublesome in Clover Valley, although the whites had made a treaty with them for permission to use the land. In fact, the story is told that when the whites first came in, that they were met by a group of Indians, and they indicated their desires to settle there. They tell also how these Indians set up three piles of refuse and lighted them. They piled them over with green twigs and willows so as to create a smudge and then when things were smoldering good, they took a forked stick and ran it into the pile of smoldering willows and heaved it up so as to release the pent-up smoke. Of course, a big billow of smoke went up; and then that was followed by the second pile, and the third, and then they just sat by and waited. Within twenty-four hours, the valley was virtually

filled of Indians. Of course, it brought in the old chief they named Moroni, and then they had a pow wow.

The whites and Indians came to an understanding that the whites were to be permitted to use the land, the water and the range in the area. Regardless of that, the opportunities that were offered to the Indians who were taking over certain properties, particularly cattle and livestock, from the whites were too tempting to them. So they didn't adhere to the provisions of the treaty too well, and resorted to a lot of thieving.

There was never any indication of personal hostility except on one occasion. Of course, the whites did learn that they had to maintain a guard, and, in fact, they had their guards out continually. On this one evening it was stormy; there was a thunderstorm brewing, and one of the guards was patrolling the corrals when a flash of lightning revealed to him an Indian crouched in the corner in the act of drawing his bow. This guard fired instinctively, and the next morning they found the Indian dead with a bullet through his heart. This particular guard, knowing that the tradition of the Indian for revenge was so great, he thought he would not be able to live at peace with the Indians in that area, so he moved went back into Utah.

We may have occasion to refer later to some of the other activities in this valley. Right now, we are concerned with getting these people over into Meadow Valley. So it was, because of these troubles, and because the rest of the family members had settled in Meadow Valley, the Edwardses went the following year and arrived in Meadow Valley in January of 1865. The ones who had preceded them, namely the Lee family (and I think they were accompanied by one other family, one of the Mathews families) had settled themselves there. They had built temporary homes of sod.

They had been visited by county officials from Washington County, Territory of Utah. The officials had come and helped them to make surveys, to lay out a community, and to survey a water line by which they could bring water from a large spring that rose about one mile to the north of the townsite.

The town itself was laid out in somewhat typical Mormon fashion in blocks of approximately six acres, streets that were laid out according to the compass and ninety feet in width, including twelve foot sidewalks. The blocks in turn were subdivided into lots of four each, averaging about an acre and a half in size. Then they were made available to the settlers by lot, that is, they would draw for the various lots. The center block was set aside as a public square, designed to house public buildings and recreation areas, a small park, and things of that nature.

Settlers here, of course, were immediately concerned with providing themselves with a living. The valley was a very attractive one, possibly more so at that time than at the present time because of the abundance of meadow hay. It was virtually filled with one big meadow and extended about fourteen miles in length and from one to three miles in width.

They also experienced trouble with the Indians. The Indians, in the beginning, were quite shy. Then they became friendly, and then they became, you might say, too friendly and became a nuisance. Eventually, they became openly hostile. On one occasion one of the chieftains died. The Indians wanted to have a white man accompany him to the happy hunting ground and they announced their intention of so doing. There was an old man who lived between the community and the Indian encampment by the name of Box. He, realizing what they planned to do, came to the community for protection.

When the Indians came, they were repulsed; in fact, five of them were taken prisoner. Then they had more troubles with them. Two of them got away and in the process of trying to escape they were killed. Then subsequently, the other three were killed. That created a situation that was very upsetting not only to the Indians but to the white people as well.

The whole tribe then became quite hostile and the settlers sent for help to St. George. The St. George church authorities dispatched a unit of militia, some twenty in number to provide protection for the people. But at the same time they cautioned them that it would be impossible to spare that many men indefinitely, so unless the local settlers could find the resources with which to take care of their own problems they had better give up the settlement and move back into Utah. But for such time as was necessary, the militia would be permitted to stay there and help them fortify themselves.

So, accordingly, a fort was built in which the houses were all enclosed. The houses were constructed in the form of a court; they opened on a common courtyard. The fort itself was open to the south. In any case, when the militia left, after a period of a few weeks, about half of the people who had moved in the interim moved out with them.

They were all urged to move, but Grandmother Lee was, you might say, a matriarch of the group. She was determined that she had moved enough, that she had been forced out of Missouri and out of Illinois. After she had settled in Utah in Tooele, she had been called to Santa Clara. She had moved from Santa Clara to St. George, and from St. George up to Meadow Valley. Now she had found a place that she liked and she was going to stay there, regardless of the Indians.

She did have trouble with the Indians herself. On one occasion when the men were in the field she was practically alone, alone except for a little Indian girl that the family had adopted. Two Indians put in an appearance at the door and demanded the gun that hung on the wall. She, of course, refused to let them have the gun and they became very impudent. One of them reached for an arrow to put in his bow, and so Grandmother let fly with a stick of stove wood and knocked it from his hands. Then she charged with another stick and they left.

The settlement progressed quite satisfactorily in spite of these Indian problems. A major factor in the settlement, although not necessarily a part of it was the development of mines in the vicinity of Pioche. These had been discovered the year previous to the migration into Meadow Valley. William Hamblin of Gunlock, again one of the early settlers at Dixie or southern mission, had been approached by Indians at that time and they showed him samples of what they called 'Panacker' which he identified as silver ore. In any case, they offered to show him the location of this silver ore in return for a supply of corn. He went with them to the site of what became the Panaca ledge in Pioche. He staked a claim to it, and from then on the development of the prospects of the mines became a vital and prominent factor in the life in that area, and also in the community.

When the Lees first moved into the valley, they found a small contingent of soldiers separated from General Connor's command who stated that they were surveying for a road from Fort Crittenden in northern Utah to the Colorado River. I would presume that would mean to go on down to connect with Fort Mojave on the Colorado. They themselves were quite interested in the silver mine,

and the people there, that is the settlers, felt that they were much more interested in the silver mines than they were in establishing the road. In any case, following a visit of the church authorities from St. George to the new settlement, they stated that on their return they met a number of prospectors coming in. They felt that these prospectors were going to be a factor, in that they would probably want to take over land and water rights. For that purpose, the church sent a number of families to hold the gains that they had made.

I discussed to some extent the Clover Valley settlement of 1864, and the troubles that they had there with the Indians. I think probably, however, before I go into that any further, I should review another problem that they had with the Indians in which the two communities were concerned. During this period of time, there were also a number of prospects being opened up in the Irish Mountain country generally known as the Pahrnagat mines in the vicinity of Pahrnagat Valley, and there was some visiting back and forth. On one occasion, a miner from Pahrnagat Valley by the name of Rogers was visiting in the Meadow Valley area. He left to return to Pahrnagat Valley. There was an Indian, however, who came to the whites with the story that Rogers had been killed enroute to Pahrnagat Valley.

The Panaca settlers, observing an Indian with the clothes they identified as those of Rogers", took him into custody and got a confession from him. Then they took him to the place of the murder. Enroute there, the posse met a group of the miners coming from the Pahrnagat Valley looking for Rogers. They expected foul play, but they were attributing it to the Mormons themselves. They all went together with the Indian to the site of the killing—in the vicinity of Bennett

Springs and Bennett Pass, just about eleven miles west of the Panaca townsite. They found the evidence there, of course, found the body, and so the posse of miners from Pahrnagat Valley area just took charge. They tied a rope around the neck of the Indian (the Indian's name, incidentally, was Okus) and they started out to Panaca at a full gallop. The story is that they galloped all the way and the Indian led them all right into Panaca.

In any case, after a little discussion, they decided that they were going to hang Okus. Okus agreed that he was a bad Indian, and that he deserved to be killed for what he had done. But he objected to being hung; he thought that he should be shot so that the bad blood could be let out.

During the discussions that were held, Okus implicated a Clover Valley Indian, known as Bushhead, and generally identified as a trouble-maker. So this same posse from Pahrnagat Valley mines went on to Clover Valley to take Bushhead into custody, and they did that. After a general meeting with the Indians at which Chief Moroni presided, Moroni conceded that Bushhead was a bad Indian also, that he deserved to die, and so they also hung him.

Because of the general troubles that were experienced in Clover Valley, the loss of livestock, the general deprivations, the constant fear in which the settlers lived, the limited size of the settlement and all, this colony site was abandoned in 1866, and the settlers moved. Some of them went into Panaca, others back into various places in Utah. There was nothing left in Clover Valley, and no activity there for a period of about three years.

At that time, however, in 1869, my Grandfather Woods moved in. He had previously been assigned to settle on the

upper Muddy River; a number of settlements had previously been made there in 1865. The settlement had been established in St. Thomas, and another one by the name of St. Joseph in 1865. One had been made at West Point, and Overton had been settled. He was asked to go down there on the area somewhat to the north of West Point. On arriving there, he found that the water supply had disappeared. There was water only during the spring of the year. Having previously become acquainted with Clover Valley, he asked for permission to settle there. This permission was granted, and in 1869, he moved in there and did some repair work in the old fort that had been built. That would permit him to move his family in. In the first part of May, he took his family, who had been in St. George, to Clover Valley.

There had been a sawmill established in that vicinity; a fellow by the name of Stephen Sherwood, who was also interested in the mines around Pioche had brought a sawmill in and was getting out some lumber. He contracted with my grandfather to haul lumber to the various camps that were around, particularly Pioche and some into Panaca.

They also began to experience trouble with the Indians. On frequent occasions, my grandmother was left alone with her family in Clover Valley. The trouble with the Indians was limited pretty much to thievery. They quite early came in and made a raid in which they drove off several head of horses. On another occasion when my grandfather was in the mountains at the sawmill, they made another raid and took off practically all the horses in the valley. Fortunately, immediately after the raid was made, a man came through from Panaca, and word was sent by him to Grandfather, advising him of the raid.

He suspected that they were the Muddy Valley Indians, and they would pursue a

certain route. So he, with others, cut across country and intercepted them; crept up on their camp at night, got the drop on them, and took them captive. They were, of course, young bucks, so he took the leader of this group as a hostage, cautioning the others that if they didn't return all of the horses that had been stolen within five days, he would take the life of this hostage. They took the Indian back to Clover Valley and put him to work clearing rocks out of the field. Within five days the others were back, not only with the horses but with practically the entire tribe, including the chief and the older men of the tribe.

The chief agreed that the young bucks were bad, and that they should be punished. So Grandfather took the leader of the young bucks and tied him to a post. He took a blacksnake whip and put it in the hands of one of his buddies and told him to punish his own. The young buck, of course, was very loath to punish his own leader and so the old chief himself jumped up, took the whip and started laying it on. On the third lash, my Grandfather stepped in and said, "That's enough. We won't punish him anymore." He then went out and brought in a two year old steer, butchered it, and treated the entire tribe to a feast. From that time on, he never experienced any trouble with the Indians at all.

There is a little sequel to that story that I like to tell, although it jumps ahead sometime to 1916. At that time I was in the kitchen one afternoon, watching my mother at her work when a shadow came over the window. We looked up and saw a sight there that I will never forget. It was a face framed between his hands as he shaded his eyes so he could see into the interior of the room, the face of an old Indian. It was a face that was worn and wrinkled and browned with the weather of many years. He was just peering impassively and intently into the room. Mother, of course,

was used to Indians and to having them around, so she just called out, "Hello." There was no answer; the old Indian just continued to peer in. "Hello, there." No answer. "What do you want?" No answer. Well, she herself was becoming a little nervous, not being able to get a response out of him because they generally were quite responsive to her. But all of a sudden his face broke out into one of the most pleasing smiles you ever looked at, although of course it was totally toothless, and he said, "Ho, ho, you Lyman's papoose." (Lyman was the name of my grandfather.) He dashed around to the door, came into the room and took my mother and just waltzed her around singing that little song, "You Lyman's papoose, Lyman's papoose." Then he told us that story. He was the Indian that my grandfather had tied up to the post and then saved from having a whipping. They had been friends through the years, although it had been many years since they had met. Grandfather was eighty-five years old at the time; he was visiting there with us, that particular time he was taking his afternoon nap. When the old Indian found that he was in the vicinity, in the house, he just went over and squatted down by the bedroom door and waited until Grandfather came out. When Grandfather came out, there was a reunion of old friends such as I have never witnessed before or since. While the clan or group of Indians were in that area, that old Indian came down and spent the best part of every day following Grandfather around from place to place, whatever he was doing.

This is a story that I have heard from only one source, my father. Of course, there weren't very many around that had the memory that went back that far. It is the story of Navaho Hen.

During the '60's, the people in southern Utah particularly were plagued by the Navaho

raiders. They came up from Arizona, across the Colorado River and on up into the settled portions of southern Utah. They would round up and run off livestock, Of course they were pursued by posses and they in turn committed various other depredations. In making the raids, it was customary for them to set fire to haystacks, barns, outlying buildings, and so on, to divert the attention of the settlers while they got away with the stock. It created quite a hysteria among the settlers, particularly when they knew there were raiders in the area.

The story had come through to Panaca, of course, that there were Navahos in the area and that they were reaching right up into the Panaca latitudes. The hysteria spread, and Panaca, after all, was just as subject to the Indian depredations as the other communities if the Indians were so inclined. So the people were apprehensive.

There were a couple of brothers among the early settlers of Panaca, the McIntosh brothers, Will and Henry. Henry and Will McIntosh had need of construction timber, and so they had made preparations to go into the mountains to the east of Panaca, up in the vicinity of the charcoal kilns to get out timber. They went up in the afternoon of the day, arriving there late evening. They prepared to make camp, unhitching the horses, taking them out of harness, hobbling them, and turning them out to graze. They wanted to keep the horses in the vicinity of the camp, however, so when they started up the canyon to the top of the hill, Henry started out to get around them to drive them down the canyon.

Enroute to get around and get ahead of the horses, he had to pass through heavy timber, underbrush and so on, so that the vision of them was obscured. His brother Will, from the hilltop where they were making camp, could see his problem and he called out to try to direct him correctly. Henry was crashing

through the underbrush, couldn't hear anything except on one occasion when he stopped to catch his breath and to reconnoiter. In any case, he heard the words, "Run, Hen, run!"

There was one thing uppermost in the minds of both of them, and that was the Navahos. Hearing just those sketchy words intended for instruction, Hen interpreted them as words of alarm and could think of nothing but Navahos raiding the camp. So Hen took off toward Panaca.

He crashed down through the ravine. Fortunately or unfortunately as the case might be, running through the brush, one of the horses loomed up in front of him and he threw himself on that horse and took off for Panaca, hobbles and all. After sometime crashing down through the ravine on a hobbled horse, he did have presence of mind enough to get off and take off the hobbles and then he really made time toward Panaca. Arriving there in just a matter of a couple of hours, he gave the alarm.

The people, of course, were upset about it. They recognized the danger. They immediately set out to get the guards out, to get the fortifications up, and then waited until daylight, in the meantime organizing a posse to see if there was a possibility of rescuing Will.

They started off at daybreak. After going up toward the mountain, they were well enroute when off in the distance they saw approaching dust. In a few minutes it was close enough for them to recognize Will coming post haste to report that the Navahos had captured Hen.

They recognized him coming in and someone said, "Well, there comes your Navaho." That did something for the community; it gave them something to laugh at, to relax over, to talk about. It rebuilt their

morale and they recognized that life would be enjoyable to them.

Stock raising became the dominant industry with which Grandfather was concerned in Clover Valley. The area provided a very rich range land at that time, much more so than now, since overgrazing and drought together have had their effect on the productivity of the area. They were very successful with their stock raising, although there was not always a market available for everything that they had. They continued to resort to utilizing other resources, particularly that of the timber in the area. While the quantity of timber was limited—long before now it has been exhausted—they did make use of it and about 1890, Grandfather Woods and his future son-in-law, my father, George Edwards, went into a partnership and acquired the saw mill interests of Sherwood, who had been mentioned before. They operated it, pretty much as a family project with Grandfather and my father and the Woods boys.

There were a number of them in the family that were provided with employment. They sawed a lot of timber, of course, for the mining developments in Pioche, for the mining and home developments in Pioche and Panaca, extending it as far as Eagle Valley in the north, and then later for the mines that opened up in the Delamar. At this time, too, there was considerable work being done by the projection of the railroad south from Milford, and they provided a lot of the timbers that were required for that construction work.

An interesting aspect of that production is that Grandfather and Father together always took the choicest of the lumber and sawed it up in convenient sizes; set it aside to cure under the most favorable circumstances for the construction of caskets for burial purposes. The frontier area, of course, was

totally dependent on the local resources for taking care of their own dead. There were no morticians, mortuaries, or anything of that nature. Whenever there was a death in town, immediately after you could hear the whine of saws and the pounding of hammers in a little shop that was just across the street from where we went to grammar school. We were always aware by the sound, if for no other reason than that it meant there was a death.

My father was just four years old when he came into the state. He was born in Cache Valley, Utah, at Wellsville in 1860, and he grew up under the most primitive of the pioneering conditions. The Edwardses before him had been interested in the mechanical trades. His grandfather, Esaias Edwards, had established sawmills in both Tooele and Cache County, and had also constructed grist mills and molasses mills. In fact, he was also credited with having a whiskey still in Cache County when he was there. He produced a very satisfying product known as "Valley Tan." (Incidentally, I think Mark Twain mentioned the "Valley Tan" in *Roughing It* as he went through that general section.) There was also a newspaper named "Valley Tan." I think that Grandfather Edwards and my father also inherited some of these mechanical tendencies.

In any case, the societies of these missions, as they were called to come out, were made up somewhat selectively of different trades and different capacities of the membership. They sought, of course, to have those who could meet the mechanical needs, the building trades. The various cultural pursuits too, were represented; they always wanted a fiddler to provide recreational dancing and that sort of thing.

Grandfather Edwards' trade was that of a wheelwright, although of course he was also good in cabinet making, general carpentry,

and so on. As my father grew up, he was subjected to that type of training. I have heard him say on many occasions that as a child, he used to hold the candle while his father worked at night to meet the demands of the freighting trade that was carried on as a result of the demands of the mines and the mills in that area.

Then, Grandfather Edwards died at a relatively early age. He died in 1883 with quite a young family. My father, being the oldest, assumed the major responsibilities for providing for the needs of the family. He did this early in pursuing the opportunities for employment that were offered in the area and elsewhere in connection with the mines and milling. He had naturally learned considerable in construction the use of tools in handling wood and so on. At Bullionville and at Pioche he did quite a lot of work in mill construction. He even, on occasion, went out into White Pine County and did some work in the vicinity of Treasure City and Hamilton. Of course, those sites were relatively of short duration, and so it wasn't very long until he was back pursuing other arts. In about 1890, he went into the sawmill business with his prospective father-in-law.

With the exhaustion of the timber supply in the mountains, Father turned to various other avenues and was acquiring parcels of land in Meadow Valley as opportunities presented themselves. So he carried on farming; he had a few cattle on the range, but was still dependent on various other avenues at least for money for operation.

Delamar provided some opportunities. I know that he used to harvest ice in the wintertime when the winters were rigorous enough to provide it. Then during the summer, he would haul ice to Delamar and peddle it from door to door. It provided an interesting market and in summertime, was

always in demand. This was also an activity that I engaged in after I got big enough to do it, by virtue of the fact that we had no refrigeration at all. During the summertime there was nothing quite so welcome as a little relief from the heat.

Of course, the changes that were made in the economy of the time, a transition from animal power to steam power, from wagon train to railroad freighting created changes all the way along. They opened up new opportunities, but exhausted old ones, so the freighting by team and wagon was something that tended to come and go. It came as new prospects were opened up and went out as these new prospects might or might not justify extension of railroads. In any case, during the wintertime when there was a lapse in the handling of livestock and farming, Father was generally out on the road for several months, hauling freight, hauling ore from prospects and mines to mills.

This was a rugged life. It was during the wintertime; there was excessive cold in the mountains and out on those roads; there was a minimum of shelter; they were out in all kinds of weather. During stormy weather there was little chance to get dry or warm and there were weeks at a time when they really never felt warm. It was a way of providing for the needs of a growing family.

Of course, they would be traveling loaded on one way and empty on the other way. They would generally have to spend one night, anyway, out both ways. On such occasions they would go as long as they could before making camp. Their first concern was taking care of their horses after which they would make camp for themselves. Generally they spread their beds under the wagon to provide such shelter as it would offer.

Their diet at that time was anything but satisfactory because they didn't have time to

do any cooking. Mother tried to keep them supplied with a supply of homemade bread at least. Whenever an opportunity presented itself, whenever she knew of anyone who was going off in that direction, she generally dispatched what she could in the way of home cooked goods. Of course, that type of economy also passed on. I think probably the last of that kind of activity that he carried on would have been about 1912.

The coming of World War I in 1914, of course, tends to date things somewhat in my mind in that there was the period before the war, and the period after the war, and the activities that the war itself contributed to. I know that with the coming of the war in 1914, we thought that there would be a greater demand for an increase in farm production and so he went ahead and extended his holdings and also his cultivation. Cultivation was limited in the valley however, because of the limited supply of water that was necessary for irrigation.

There had been effort to build a railroad into the area as early as 1890. The railroad, prior to that time, had been extended south of Salt Lake City as far as Milford. Milford was the railhead for many years. There were various interests that tried to extend it on south. The Oregon Shortline Railroad, as early as 1890, had extended a railroad grade on down through Clover Valley and down Clover Canyon as far as the present site of Caliente. But they had financial troubles and had to discontinue their expansion. In 1893, the financial panic of that year upset the plans considerably, so they let lapse their interest in the grade, and the railroad grade was taken over by the county government for non-payment of taxes.

Then Senator W. A. Clark of Montana, the copper king, became interested in the railroads. He came in and purchased the

county right to the right-of-way and began the construction of a railroad, planning to run it down over the existing grade to Caliente, and from thence on down through the Meadow Valley Wash to Moapa and through Las Vegas.

When Clark began to take control, it brought out the Union Pacific interest, dominated at this time by E. I-I. Harriman. There was an open conflict between the two over the control of that railroad grade. The story is very well told in other sources and I don't think we need to go into that.

The construction through the Clover Valley during those periods, the first one the laying out of the railroad grades and the next of the railroad itself, contributed greatly to the economy in that area. It contributed not only to the economy but, although it was of relatively short duration, it contributed a lot to the lives of the people in the valley. There was a little isolated frontier valley and community and then all of a sudden, here were thousands, you might say, of workmen building a railroad grade down through here, demanding food for themselves, food for their animals, and providing other interests. It added greatly during these years to the life that was carried on in that particular area.

My mother's reminiscences were filled to a great extent with discussion of the activities of this period in which the coming of large numbers of people into the valley influenced their family life, influenced the growth and development of her brothers, the various temptations that were offered to them that they never had before, the different types of people that came in, and so on. She used to tell of many instances in which people would come through, looking for work, were unable to find it, and were destitute. Her father would take them in, supply them with what was necessary for them to go to the other fields. The pioneers of the area, in any case,

were dependent upon their own resources when it came to doctoring and nursing. Many of those that came by were in need of such treatment and in what might be termed typical frontier and pioneer hospitality, they were given everything that the residents could do for them.

Mother grew up in the valley, and she went to school there. The school was also typical of the frontier days; it was the one-room affair, one teacher teaching probably as many as eight grades. In many cases where an individual was interested in learning, he or she might spend as much as three years in the eighth grade serving as an assistant to the teacher. Mother herself repeated the eighth grade, once in any case. When she graduated from there, she went to Pioche and took the teacher's examination that was prepared by the state.

Of course at that time, the state lacked a lot in educational organization. There was a State Superintendent of Public Instruction, but the position of the Deputy State Superintendent of Public Instruction was an ex-officio office held by the District Attorney of the county. He administered the state examination that was given to determine if people were qualified to teach. Mother passed it successfully, and that, combined with the fact she had a good moral character, gained her the certificate qualifying her to teach. She taught, I think, for a period of three years in that little valley. In 1893, she was married to George L. Edwards of Panaca, moved to Panaca and made her home in that community from that time on.

She played an important part, I think, in the affairs of the valley. As a church member, she had a particular assignment. She had learned much in practical care of the sick from her father and her mother and would be classified today as a very good practical nurse. As we have noted, communities of that time

were largely dependent on this type of help. I know that many was the time I have gotten up in the morning (I habitually have been an early riser), just in time to find her getting home from having spent the entire night out taking care of the sick. She would immediately start building the fire, preparing for the family for the day, taking care of her daily work. I often wondered during those days how she was able to get by, because it seemed that she was gone in some cases night after night, just out to help with the sick. Of course, it was all a work of the heart. It was an assignment from the church, and so there was no consideration at any time of any compensation for this.

FAMILY LIFE IN A MORMON COMMUNITY

The Mormon community life in Panaca, I think was probably typical of that of most Mormon communities. The communities were established originally to provide a home for the Mormon people. The church was continually growing. They were proselyting all over Europe, as well as the United States. At that time they were encouraging people to come to the United States and help build up the church, and the field of Zion. They were continually reaching out and occupying such lands as were adaptable to building of communities. Their economy was designed to be in the interests, or, that is, tied to the land for permanency. Brigham Young cautioned the people, the church members, to stay away from the mines. He said that the mines were of temporary duration and they would be destructive of the people's aims and goals and ideals, that they were there to build homes for permanency and that such homes could come only from being tied to the soil through the industries of grazing and of farming.

So it was that the people in Panaca received similar instructions from their

immediate supervisor, the mission president in St. George, not to engage in the mining activities themselves, that the duration and the permanency of their lives would depend on the soil, that they could take advantage of the mines by using them for markets for their produce rather than for their labor direct.

So they raised cattle, and cattle in the valley and the surrounding mountains produced abundantly. Horses, of course, were also a very significant factor in that there was a great demand for horses for transport, for freighting and so on. The valley produced heavily in hay which was in constant demand in Pioche and other mining areas around. There were continually loads of hay being hauled to serve the livery stables in those areas. Another way in which it was common for the people to contribute to the mines was through the harvesting of wood for fuel. The hills around the valley were very heavily covered with juniper. Juniper makes a very fine wood fuel, and there were a lot of the people of the valley that were devoting almost all of their time to the hauling of wood to

the mines and the mills. Also they used it for burning of coal, they referred to it in that light anyway; the charcoal that they made for the final work of the blacksmith forges and the assay offices and things of that nature.

Shortly after the community was established—within about two years I think—the people got together and organized a branch of the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Association, speaking of this generally as the Panaca Cooperative Store or the Panaca Coop. Practically all of the home owners bought shares in the store. Then with the supplementary demand of Bullionville (incidentally, Bullionville was a milling town for the Pioche ores that had been established just across) the feeling was affected by this also. Although the miners would come and go, it seemed that the church was planted there forever, and so the church persisted.

Reading was an important activity. Reading was limited, of course, to what might be available; and not too much was available. For that reason, those who had a love for reading resorted a great deal to the Scriptures and became quite proficient in the knowledge of the Old Testament, the New Testament, the church scriptures themselves. The Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, of course, were also accepted as holy scriptures by the church.

Furthermore, the practice of the church in its lay priesthood further contributed to an intensive knowledge among many of its members in the Scriptures. The practice within the religious meetings themselves was that any member of the congregation was subject to a call to address the congregation. The membership felt that they always had to be prepared for this, and also led to an intensive study.

The school, of course, contributed also in that interest was stirred among the students

in such things as spelling bees which carried over into the community. It also fostered a personal development of the people in that they became very proficient in that sort of thing. My mother was one of the best spellers that I ever met. She could spell most anything. I found, though, that when I got away from my mother, I always had to resort to a dictionary to carry on any of my writing activities.

The church was organized so as to provide for the needs and to contribute to the development of people of all ages. The Sunday School, which was designed for instruction for all ages, with classes organized for those of cradle age, a cradle roll, which of course was basically a baby-sitting organization to take care of the infants and relieve parents for work in their field of endeavor. From there on there was the kindergarten group and then groups of different ages right on up to the adult, providing in all about eight different classes for the people of different ages. Text material was outlined annually by the general authorities of the church in Salt Lake City to take care of their learning needs.

In addition to the Sunday School, there was another auxiliary organization known as the Primary, designed to provide for instructional and social needs of children between the ages of four and twelve. This meeting was held sometime during the week, generally about midweek, and the children were brought in for an hour of such instruction. They would get instruction in such fields as church history, in simple craftwork, and social niceties. They would have parties on occasions at which they received dancing instruction.

Another group was known as the Mutual Improvement Association. This was divided between the young ladies and the young men, so we had the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association.

Although they were generally combined for preliminary exercises, they would separate and go into studies that were designed to meet the needs of members between the ages of twelve on up.

The boys would start out with something in the nature of the Boy Scout program. In fact, the Mormon church was, I think, the first major organization in the United States to accept the Boy Scout program in its entirety. The Boy Scout program has been greatly influenced by the activity, the interest, the study, and the organization that had been provided by the church. Particularly is this reflected in the 'Explorer' program that is such a prominent part of the Boy Scout program now. We have also adopted the Cub Scout program and extended that into the Primary. (That, of course, is of recent years and doesn't apply to the early stages of the organization in Panaca..)

The MIA provided much for social and cultural development of the people of these ages. They maintained a library of such books as they could accumulate that were of general reading value. They placed a lot of their stress on drama, doing work comparable to the little theater in many communities. They carried on, sponsored, many of the dances that were held in the community, organized picnics, candy pulls, and parties of a general social nature for relaxation and enjoyment. There was lesson material too; designed for the young men that would have to do with preparation for life, preparation for the professions, providing them with a general knowledge of the responsibility that would come with manhood and so on. There were comparable lesson materials for the young ladies on preparation for keeping the home, preparation for family life and that sort of thing. Once a month anyway, they held a conjoint meeting of the young men and young

women. This was generally devoted to lesson material that would be of advantage to them jointly and also to social affairs.

Another auxiliary association was that of the Relief Society. This was basically a woman's organization and designed generally to meet many of the demands that were characteristic of a pioneer and frontier society. It was in such a capacity that my mother was enlisted as a practical nurse to take care of the assignment that I have previously reviewed. The group as an organization also met weekly, sometime during the week. The ladies would gather together in class work, they would also have directions on work in the mission and activity through the year as designed by the church headquarters in Salt Lake City. This would be carried on down through the mission to stake organization to the local wards. Monthly, they would have an activity period in which new ideas would be brought in any number of activities. New ideas came in on household conveniences, on artistic arrangement, on various projects, on clothing, cooking. They might go into such things as cheese making and canning of fruit, things of that nature. They would devote one meeting a month generally to a social gathering among themselves; they would have one devoted exclusively religious doctrine, and so on. Thus one weekly meeting in each month was devoted to lessons in theology, work activities, social science and literature, respectively.

Basically, as the name would imply, the Relief Society organization was designed to provide for the needs of the people where there was hardship or where things could be improved, taking care of the sick, providing for the needs of the poor. I remember that before World War I, the Relief Society took upon program of grain storage. They were cautioned that the time would come when grain would be greatly needed. The

women of the church, through the Relief Society, organized for this purpose and they accumulated a great store of wheat. Wheat was one thing that they were encouraged to store because it was not so readily perishable as many of the other commodities. In any case, when the war broke out and the production of the European grain fields was so greatly curtailed, starvation became rampant in Europe. The church offered and made available this wheat, and it was not only gratefully accepted but it was a very important factor at that time, providing for the relief of the starving in Europe.

Another basic organization of the church was that of the priesthood. This, of course, was designed for the male members of the church. It was patterned after the original priesthood of the original Christian church and, for that matter, of the church when it was known as the Jewish organization. Thus it was divided into the priesthood of Aaron known as the Aaronic priesthood, and priesthood of Melchizedek, named after the high priest of the time of Abraham. The purpose of this organization is the administration and the running of the church. This priesthood is divided into different offices, each assigned to perform specific functions. There are also special meetings and study groups for the priesthood. They meet in groups according to age and assignment level. In the case of the younger boys, they are ordained to the priesthood as deacons at the age of twelve years. At the age of fourteen, they are generally ordained as teachers. At the age of sixteen or seventeen, they are ordained as priests of the Aaronic priesthood. In each case, each group has definite specific assignments and responsibilities that they are to carry out.

The higher priesthood, or the priesthood after the order of Melchizedek, is made up also of three different groups. One of them is the

“elders,” one is “seventies,” and one is “high priests.” Each one of these groups, of course, also has the responsibility for certain definite administrative responsibilities.

It is interesting to note that the church is one of work. The organization of the single ward, which is the smallest of the administrative groups within the church, has 200 different assignments, offering opportunity for work for 200 different people.

Generally, by the time they reach 800 in number, the wards are ready to be divided. So you might figure that a ward runs generally in the neighborhood of 600 membership, providing an opportunity for activity and work for all those who are capable and willing.

Of the events that contributed greatly to social and public interest in the community were the various celebrations that were held. The regular or typical days of celebration of the nation, of course, were naturally observed. The Fourth of July was always a big day. But one of the biggest days to be observed by the Mormon people in general is that of the twenty-fourth of July, generally known as “Pioneer Day.” It is a day celebrated in observance of the entrance of the original Mormon contingent into the Salt Lake Valley, July 24, 1847. Since that time, and particularly during the time of my youth, that was a day which was intensely observed and celebrated.

A typical fourth or twenty-fourth of July was planned a long time in advance. In preparation, the community solicited contributions for necessary operational funds, and also for organized groups to carry on the various activities that were provided.

The day would start out with a bombardment of artillery or at least an artillery facsimile. During the earlier days, it was generally what they called “shooting the anvils.” They would set up with a couple of blacksmith’s anvils. One of them would be

set on the ground. On it would be placed an iron ring that could be contained in the width of the anvil, possibly an inch and a half in depth, with a notch for a fuse. This was filled with black powder. Then the second anvil was superimposed on this to make a tight combustion chamber. The fuse was lighted, and of course people got out of the way. The force required to blow the anvils apart resulted in a concussion and artillery-like sound. It reverberated through the entire valley. This was carried on through the early dawn hours until sunrise. Also along with dawn came the "band wagon." This was a wagon that was especially designed with seats all around the perimeter and crossways on the interior to provide seating for the members of the local town band. They had been active in preparing for the occasion for weeks, were well rehearsed and toured the town playing martial music.

I can always remember that there was one old fellow in town who always made his own preparations for the occasion. He was an old Englishman, and he loved to hear the band play. His preparations for the occasion meant the brewing of a barrel of home-made beer. He could always be assured that the band would pass his place several times during its tour. He would stand there with his pitcher of beer ready to show his appreciation for the music.

The band would always finish its tour just at sunrise at what we called the Liberty Pole. A Liberty Pole today would be known as a flag pole, but in my memory, this Liberty Pole was something else. It was the tallest thing I ever saw. It was supplied with wooden pegs, all the way to the top and the flag was carried up to be hung. As it was being carried up, the band would play a stirring rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner" and it was something to really stir the enthusiasm and the patriotism of everyone who attended our observance.

It was a great day for the youngsters, too. We always insisted on those occasions on making our beds out on the lawn, so that we could get the full force of the blasting and the sounds of revelry, and to be out where we could see the bandwagon come by. As we grew older, we grew more venturesome and we would slip out and join those engaged in shooting the anvils (although by that time the anvils had been pretty much replaced by dynamite).

Uncle Eli, one of my father's brothers, always had enough youthful spirit left in him that he was out, I think right up until he was seventy years of age anyway, touching off a string of dynamite. For the Fourth of July celebration, and as the sun came up, he always had thirteen half-sticks all fused and ready to go. He would get in one corner of the public square and walk rapidly along, dropping a half a stick of dynamite with a lighted fuse at well-spaced intervals so that we wound up with salute to the original thirteen colonies.

The day was, as I say, looked forward to and planned by everyone. It was a great day for the kids and we used to save our nickels and dimes (we didn't know what pennies were in those days; they just didn't use them) for months and weeks in advance. The kid, though, that had a dollar to spend on a holiday was really fortunate. Most of the time we, I think, figured that we could save up four bits, but we put it to good use.

Of course, four bits went a lot farther then. There were the regular ice cream cones; they were imported for the occasion, although at home we generally had a freezer of homemade ice cream, too. But that wasn't like eating it with the crowd. We also had bottled pop. We generally had a few bottles of home-made root beer. But the one thing that stands out in my memory was the carameled popcorn sticks that were provided for us at the time. I never got over my taste for candied popcorn.

Of course, we had to settle down a little after our early morning salute and get the chores done and get our breakfast before we took off for town. The morning was generally featured more by a public meeting for the adults. On the Fourth of July, the principal observance was for patriotic speeches, the reading of the Declaration of Independence and things of that nature that the adults seemed to thoroughly enjoy. It was always well attended. For the kids, it was a period in which we could just run free and live in anticipation of what was going on for the rest of the day.

For the really special occasions (they were interrupted during the period of World War I and didn't get started until some years after), the community staged a genuine old-fashioned barbecue. And when I say old-fashioned barbecue, it was the pit type that cooked the whole animal. My father served on the barbecue committee on several occasions, and for that occasion, they would delegate two of the men to dig a pit, two others would provide the wood, two others would keep the pit heated for a period of at least twenty-four hours in advance; that is, burning the wood in the pit and thoroughly heating the ground around it. Then there would be a couple of others that would prepare the animal, they would butcher it, of course, in advance, and it was thoroughly sewed up in burlap that was especially prepared for the occasion. They lowered it into the pit the evening before it was to be used, and then the next day at noon they had it out and cut for individual servings. Of course, the ladies of the community would bring assigned pot-luck dishes, salads and that sort of thing. On this occasion, too, the neighboring communities of Pioche, Caliente, Clover Valley, Eagle Valley, Rose Valley were all invited for the occasion.

After the barbecue, the celebration continued, devoting a lot of time to sports

and contests for the children. There were the typical races, straight races, relay races, what we called potato races, three-legged races, wheelbarrow races, and most everything else that could be thought of. There was always a monetary prize of fifteen cents, ten cents, or five cents for first, second, and third places. If a youngster didn't win in one, he always had the opportunity in another. They kept running them until he did win.

After the races, the ladies were given their chance, and they were entered in various types of contest. They were permitted to throw the ball. This was in the nature of a basketball they would throw for distance. There was a nail driving contest, a wood sawing contest, and things of that nature. There were few that were interested in competing with my mother, and after a few years, she disqualified herself. She said it wasn't really fair that she should go in there and win all the contests at pounding nails and sawing wood. She did enough of that around the house at home, so that she was just a good carpenter in her own right.

This event was followed generally by horse racing. Here again, we had quite a variety including regular racing, wild horse racing, relay racing which involved the saddling of the horse (after riding to a certain point, getting to a marked goal, changing the saddle to another horse and racing back). Relay races were also featured on horseback, too. The celebration was never complete without a few bucking horses. We didn't know the rodeo as such, but we had the basic elements of it. The horse riding was done by local cowboys and there was probably a little money changed hands in side bets.

The baseball game that generally followed featured the town team against either the Pioche team or the team from Caliente. During the time of the baseball game, the smaller youngsters were entertained at a

children's dance; a dance designed especially for those youngsters that were not especially interested in anything else.

One thing that featured the afternoon celebration was free candy for everyone. I recall the candy, the hardtack type that came in large wooden buckets. We would watch carefully and when we saw a half a dozen of the elders of the town head for the Coop store, we would follow them. Each came out with a bucketful of this candy and would just pass it around the crowd. We could get a handful on one end, and along the middle of the line, and at the end of the line. But they enjoyed it, it seems, as much as we did, and we had candy that lasted us for half a day afterward.

Of course, the youngster that was able to get a few firecrackers for any of those celebrations was really king for the day. He could get most anything he wanted by bartering the coveted explosives.

I might point out that in observing and celebrating the holidays, Caliente specialized on the fourth, the twenty-fourth was celebrated in Panaca, and Labor Day in Pioche. Each community, of course, made it a point to invite the neighbors. I think it was these days that did most to cement the relations of the people of the three communities. They got together socially, enjoyed each others' company, complimented each other on their efforts, and so on.

The winter season brought opportunity for sports of its own nature. Again, we didn't know the sports as we know them today, but we did do a lot of skating on the creek that flowed down through the valley. In fact, all of the water that was normally used in the summer for irrigation was turned on into the valley in the wintertime (and this was true of the valleys to the north of us, the valleys that were drained down through Meadow Valley). There was quite an abundance of

water, and then of course it froze. The water would spread out so that the fields themselves were sheets of ice, providing an abundance of places for skating. In addition to that, we had quite a reasonable sized pond that provided nice skating. As youngsters, we spent most of our free time during the days and weekends, skating. Then, as we grew older we would take advantage of moonlight nights; build a bonfire along the edge of the pond, or sometimes right down on the ice, and then skate for hours. In like manner, in different times of the year when weather permitted, we had moonlight picnics, different groups—probably more true of the high school groups than of others.

I wanted to tell about some of the regular recreational pursuits of some of the younger class there in Panaca as I was growing up. We played a lot of baseball and we had a pretty well organized team and some very fine players. There were some of the dads in the town that were as enthusiastic about baseball as any of the modern fans. They had played as youths. They knew the game and they instructed their own sons. So we frequently—looking back it seemed frequently—scheduled games with the younger set of Pioche.

When the Pioche boys came down they did things in style. They were always able to promote a Model T Ford for conveyance. It was a treat for them to come to Panaca because they were always invited to come to visit our gardens. They would fill up on carrots; "Mormon apples" they were called. When it came to playing a return game, though, the Panaca boys had to make different arrangements. They were farmer boys; there were no automobiles available. They would scrounge around and find a team, generally an old horse, hitch it to a buggy and load that with anywhere from six to nine youngsters—they never had more than a team—and take off for Pioche.

There was a lot of good-natured rivalry between the younger sets but those methods of transportation at that time constituted a significant part in our lives.

Hunting provided a pasttime for any that were interested in it, and it was probably my favorite sport. Father brought home a .22 rifle, and gave it to my two oldest brothers when I was just ten years of age. It immediately became more my rifle than the theirs by virtue of use. I had a cousin just slightly younger than I was; he had somewhat the same interests as mine. We spent most of our spare daylight hours out in the fields or in the neighboring hills hunting small game, rabbits, cottontails or jack rabbits, and quail. We provided a lot of good, wholesome meat for the table. Of course, we both had horses and a lot of our hunting was done from horseback, and that also contributed greatly to a free exploration of the surrounding hills.

I might mention at this time that we spent a lot of our time over in what is now the Cathedral Gorge State Park. In fact, while it was generally known and was generally appreciated by the people of the community as a very interesting spot, and it was used off and on as a picnic site, no one had ever paid much attention to it other than just a place to look at. But we began delving into it, investigating the various underground washes and caves that had formed there. We were possibly fifteen or sixteen years old at the time. We would go home with stories of what we had seen, then we got a camera and took pictures. It was a native haunt, it seemed, for owls and bats. We would find owls' nests with the young, and we would take pictures of those.

Finally, we carried so many stories home that our fathers became interested and went out with us on occasion. We took them into some of the unknown areas. They became

very enthused. Uncle Will was at that time president of the Panaca Commercial Club, a sort of a chamber of commerce. Father was one of the directors and they took advantage of tours of every politician through the state and had us show them through. It was in this way that I got acquainted first with such people as Governor Jim Scrugham (governor at that time), with Senator Pat McCarran, and a number of other state officials, as well as the local county officials.

On one occasion, I was called out of school to go serve as a guide for a party that was headed by Governor Jim Scrugham. He had in with him at that time, Dr. Mark Harrington, the archeologist who at that time was doing exploratory work in the Buried City in Moapa Valley. They were accompanied by representatives from the chamber of commerce at Caliente and also of Pioche. We gave them the deluxe tour. They were very enthused, in fact enthralled, by the beauties of the place.

I would like to take advantage of this opportunity to make a correction in what I think has possibly been an oversight, although probably it is an inconsequential matter. Credit for naming the valley Cathedral Gorge has been given to a Mrs. Earl Godbey, who was the wife of one of the early operators of the mill at Bullionville and also of the mines at French Consolidated. Mrs. Godbey was probably the first to realize the beauties of the place. She gave to it, not the name Cathedral Gorge, but Cathedral Gulch. So as we were growing up, it was known as Cathedral Gulch. It was at this meeting with Governor Scrugham that State Senator A. L. Scott, an attorney from Pioche and a very dedicated Lincoln County citizen over many, many years, suggested that the name gulch was to him very disappointing when applied to such a place. It was reminiscent, he said, of the "dry-

gulching” areas of the early western history. He thought the more dignified name of gorge would be much more applicable, and it was picked up by the party at that time. Governor Scrugham was so enthused about it that he initiated or had initiated the legislation for establishing a state park, naming it Cathedral Gorge.

I had the opportunity, through those visits to get acquainted with such people as Senator McCarran, Governor Scrugham at that time and later, United States representative and senator. It enabled me to get access to their offices later in Washington, D. C., for other general improvements for southern Nevada.

Anyway, Cathedral Gorge and the early fun that we had just playing around and delving into the nooks and crannies and caves played quite a part in my early life.

I remember on one occasion we were riding up through the center of the valley and we jumped a coyote. I had a dog at the time, a cross between a pit bull and a pointer, and as soon as we sighted the coyote he took off. There were a number of these clay hills that extended out into the valley, and the flood waters, as they came against them, kept beating against the clay until they had cut an underground path through those hills. So as the coyote would come to one of these, he would dash around the hill on horseback and pick up the chase on the other side. We would come to another rise, the coyote would go through, the dog after him, and we dashed around but we didn't pick up any trail on the other side. There had been a cave-in and so the coyote had doubled back and when we got back around, why here the coyote and the dog were having it out on the other side. We took care of the coyote. We were also in the trapping business and we picked up a pretty good piece of fur on that occasion.

Inasmuch as I have mentioned the trapping business, my cousin was more of a

trapper than I was. He was relatively freer in evenings after school than I was, and so he had time to run a little line. The only times that I could be with him were on Saturdays, and even then, my time was somewhat more restricted. He ran traps up in the northern part of the valley, up into Condor Canyon and down around the Cathedral Gorge area. He was able to pick up, during the course of a season, several pelts of coyotes, bobcats, of course an occasional skunk or two. It made things interesting if not profitable, although he did make a few dollars.

Incidentally, we never passed up the chance to shoot a bobcat, because we could always get two dollars bounty from the county commissioners. During the course of a year, every once in awhile, one of the kids of the community would come in with a bobcat pelt and we had to go through the formality of appearing before a notary public. That was a nuisance, so we just saved our pelts until the end of the season, and then one of us would take them all and go before a notary public and swear that they had been killed in the county, send them into the county commission office, and the bounty of two dollars each.

I think that in view of the total difference in the way we lived and the things that we did as youngsters during the period we were growing up as compared to the way the youngsters live today and the things they do, even on farms or in rural areas, it might be nice to review a typical day's activity during the different seasons of the year. A day's work, regardless of the time of the year, began as soon after five o'clock as Dad was able to get us out. It began with the daily chores.

The first thing to be taken care of, of course, was the milking of the cows. Everyone in the community, most everyone, had one or more cows to provide them with dairy

products. We generally had quite a number of cows, not that we got a great deal of milk, but because they were not generally blooded stock (although eventually we worked into that and produced a very select group of Jersey heifers). After the milking of course, there was the chore of taking care of the milk, separating it from the cream and so forth.

After the milking, or along with the milking came the feeding of the livestock; the cows, horses, the swine and chicken or poultry. We always had chickens, and a lot of the time we had ducks. We had ducks primarily because of just the interest, and sometimes a few turkeys.

During the spring, summer, and the fall, there was always pasture. This pasture varied in distance from the house by anywhere from a couple of hundred yards to a couple of miles. During the fall of the year, we drove the animals to the fields, the alfalfa fields which were some two miles from home. There, they could feed on the tender shoots of the alfalfa after we had harvested the third crop.

After these chores were taken care of (I probably might include the harnessing of the horses and the hitching them to the wagon if we were going into the field), we were ready for breakfast and breakfast was generally ready for us.

Breakfast at that time was a meal that was comparable to the heartiest meal of the day. It generally consisted partly of some hot bread. Mother made bread at least three times a week, and she would mix it in the evening. By morning it would have raised, especially so we could have hot yeast biscuits for breakfast. On alternate mornings, she would make baking powder biscuits or corn bread or something of that nature. Of course, potatoes were a staple. And we always had a cooked cereal, eggs and meat. We ate a lot of honey; we always had a good supply of Dixie molasses that was made

in the St. George area, and then we could have our choice of a number of preserves and jellies that Mother had put up during the previous season.

Then it was a matter of getting into the wagon, and going into the fields or going to school, or whatever our daily duties at that time of the year were determined to be. If it was in the field, we carried our lunch with us; and that also was not necessarily a dainty bite. If we were spending the day in the fields, harvesting hay or other crops, planting or irrigating, whatever the chore might be, we would generally leave the field around, between four and five o'clock, get home in time to take care of the evening chores.

As a general rule, we would do everything but the milking before supper; milk the cows after supper. Then again there was always the matter of feeding the animals for the night, and gathering eggs.

One basic operation at all times of the year was fuel, chopping the wood if it was necessary to chop it. Father had a brother who carried the nickname throughout his life of "Cedar Bill," because he was such an outstanding man in the use of an ax. He could chop pests or wood so well, there was no one in the valley that cared to compete with him in any way. They just credited him such being the outstanding man. I always thought my dad wielded a pretty wicked ax but he couldn't do it with the dexterity that Uncle Will did; furthermore, he didn't like to. So Father, being an old sawmill man, came into possession of a steam engine, a small engine, operated from an upright boiler. He set that up and tied it to a buzz-saw.

During the fall of the year, getting our winter supply of wood was one of the big responsibilities. Father would generally save that type of activity for a Saturday, when he could take one or more of the boys along with

him to root out the wood we would haul in. It took one good day to get a full load, about one and one-half cords.

We had to go anywhere from eight to ten miles up into the hills to get a supply of the dead juniper. There were several tricks to getting it out. Some people liked to concentrate on stumps, root out the stumps, feeling the stump was the best wood. We concentrated on dead trees, and we would like to find a hillside where there were a number of such dead trees. We would work the team and wagon up as high we could on the hillside. As we came to a tree we would stop the wagon with the rear wheel even with it, tie a heavy log chain that was attached to the axle-tree of the wagon and then wrap it around the tree, give the horses a good slap with the reins, and hit that tree with such force that it would drag it out by the roots. Two of us would then go on with the wagon, and in like manner we would pull over as many trees as we figured were required for the load. Then we would concentrate on trimming the trees and splitting them in convenient sizes to load on the wagon. To split the tree trunks we used wedges and a sledge hammer. We would work generally until about two o'clock in the afternoon, figure we would have a load, and would come around again with the wagon, load up the trees, and come on home.

We spent several weeks accumulating this pile of wood. When we had the winter supply, Father would fire up the steam boiler. It wasn't a simple matter to steam it up because it took time to do it. He had to screen the water, make sure that it was free from any refuse or anything of that nature. Then once he had the steam up, he had to keep it heated through the night. But when he got the old buzz-saw whining through those heavy stumps, you could hear that singing all over town.

There was a typical steam engine whistle on the boiler, and he liked to get out in the

early morning and give a little blast on that whistle. He would sound it off at noon, and then at quitting time in the evening. We always had a yard full of curious youngsters when we were operating that old steam engine. That, like all good things, it seems, went the way of the steam locomotive on the railroad, but a lot sooner. As soon as Father found that he could do the same work with a relatively simple single-piston combustion engine, he made the investment. After that, there was no romance in the wood sawing business.

The daytime activities would also vary with the season. Spring called for a preparation of the soil. Lots of time and muscle was spent in hauling out fertilizer, in the cleaning of ditches, the building of dams, the diverting of water, and the distribution of water during the early months. Although the planting season would not begin until late May and early June, Father liked to get water soaking into his alfalfa field as early as February and March. He had observed that alfalfa roots would go down as much as twelve and fourteen feet, and he felt that he ought to water down that far when there was an abundance of water; that it would serve the alfalfa much better, and at the same time, release the water in later months for other crops. That was pretty well borne out, too, because you could generally harvest a full crop the first crop of alfalfa without any irrigation, after he found it necessary to divert it for other purposes. His first crop of alfalfa was always an outstanding crop. The land, of course, had to be plowed. He generally liked to soften it by previous watering and in preparation for the planting.

The potatoes were an important crop, and the selection of choice potatoes for seed and the cutting of the seed occupied us for several days. We followed that almost immediately with the planting of our corn.

Everything was done by hand, and we had a regular set routine. There were generally three of the boys; I had two brothers older than myself. Father would get on the old turn plow. We would follow along behind the plow. We separated, divided the row into three sections, and stationed ourselves at different places in the field according to the sectioning. As he came along, we would fall in behind him, dropping the potato eyes at spaces of about one foot. He would then go to the other side of the field, and we would go over there and follow him through that. Then he would make another round in which he would cover the planting, during which, of course, we could sit and rest, throw potatoes at each other, or any kind of mischief that we could think of. Then on the third round, we would take up our planting again.

The same procedure was followed by corn. Corn was much easier to plant. We could hold many more seed in our hand and they were dropped at greater intervals. It didn't make too much difference if we did drop a few extras, because they could be thinned out if there were too many during our first weeding session.

The planting of the garden was a very important function also. It was an operation that my father took a great deal of pride in. We laid it out in rows with a shovel plow that was generally pulled by a single horse, and Father chose the one that he thought he could drive the straightest furrow. He held the plow and would lay it off in rows just about a foot apart. Then followed the planting of the vegetable garden. We had a reasonable variety of vegetables consisting of onions, radishes, lettuce, carrots, peas, string beans, parsnips, beets and swiss chard for our greens, and then a fairly large section devoted to cucumbers, and an acre and a half to two acres devoted to squash. We had plenty of work of course, in a regular diet of weeding and irrigating.

The weeding was drudgery, and it was achieved by a variety of means: by hiring, by cajoling, by bribery, by coercion. Father seemed to always take a certain joy himself in weeding, and in my more recent years I have learned to appreciate that. I can enjoy weeding too; it is a pleasure to do anything that will contribute to a good crop, a good product. I also find it provides some exercise we don't get any more.

We did a lot of our weeding with an instrument we called the cultivator. The cultivator served a dual purpose; in fact, it served a number of purposes. It was a plow-type arrangement with a number of teeth of different sizes and shapes that were pulled along through the furrow. The lead tooth was a v-shape, and it dug into the bottom of the furrow. There were a number of other teeth, spike-like in nature, that branched out from that at an angle that could be varied in width, so you could vary the width of the furrow. You could also get right up close to the row crop, and destroy all of the weeds at the same time that it mulched the earth around the plants. Father always explained the need for it and that it tended to make better use of the irrigated moisture that had been applied. That was generally an evening chore, so that it wouldn't interfere with the work of the day. One of us would ride the horse, keep him in the furrow and off the crop, while the other one held the cultivator. When it came to cultivating the potatoes and corn which covered acres, then we had to devote full days to it. We sometimes shared those days with turning the water as the irrigation turn might come around.

We did grow tomatoes, cabbage, and cauliflower. They were planted differently and at a different time. To start the tomatoes, we built what we called the "hot bed," which was a nice spot on the south side of one of the

buildings, before the land in the field was warm enough to germinate the seed. We would dig out a place and then bring in some choice earth, mix it well with fertilizer, spread it in this little dug out place on the south side of the building, build up around it and then cover it with glass, old window panes and things of that nature, so that the heat would be caught and held to provide for a ready germination. Cabbage and cauliflower plants were germinated in the same way. Then when the land was ready, and the plants were mature enough for transplanting, we would go out and make the transplant at a time that corresponded with our irrigating turn to keep them from wilting. In a couple of days they had taken hold and were on their way.

For some reason, berries never did well in that valley. Our lot, home lot, was quite low in the valley. In fact, our pasture land merged right onto our garden plot. We were fighting an alkali problem continually. I am very well satisfied that the ground was too cold, and the water table too high to permit the berries to really take hold. I have a brother living in the valley, and he has built up a sort of a Babylonian garden type of arrangement and has had good success with strawberries. Mother persevered through many years in trying to get strawberries to grow, but we were able to mature but relatively few. The same was true of other berries. I have the feeling that if someone were to go higher up, it would be above the available irrigation water supply, but the soil would be of a sandier nature, free of the mineral, and better drained, and that they could raise good berries.

The same is true of fruit. In the case of the fruit, however, the growing season length is very insecure. The valley is subject to late and early frosts that are detrimental to successful fruit culture.

The hay harvest was our major agricultural operation, and it constituted a big part of the

economy of the valley. There was a lot of the original meadow land that prevailed through the valley when it was first discovered that has been preserved right to this day. The same grass that grew then, is growing now. We speak of that as the wild, or "meadow hay." In the land that has been reclaimed, which is generally at a higher level from the valley floor and which has been subjected to irrigation, the crop is largely alfalfa, and a very choice product it is.

Our methods at that time were, except for the very most elemental machines, entirely dependent on man and animal muscle. We used horse and manpower in all phases of the work. When the hay was ready to harvest it was the mowing machine that laid it down. After the hay dried reasonably, we would rake it into windrows. This again was done by horse and horse-drawn machine. From then on, we piled it or cocked it by hand in piles at convenient distances for throwing onto a wagon. Then of course, when it was sufficiently cured—and we always felt that the place for it to cure was in the cock—we would bring out the hayrack.

There were generally three men; one on each side of the wagon, and one on the wagon. The one on the wagon was called the loader, the two on the ground were called the pitchers. We would load the wagon with between 2,500 and 3,000 pounds of the loose hay. We would haul that in turn into the stack yard. Then again it was a matter of pitching the hay off the wagon with the two pitchers and the one they termed the stacker.

I don't know why, but we were in that valley quite late in utilizing the derrick and forks for unloading. For years, we looked with a certain degree of dread to the haying season because of the hard manual labor.

We had three crops of alfalfa. The first crop came on just at the end of the planting

season of the row crops. We stacked most of it in the field, although when we went home at the end of the day we always hauled a load home to put in the barn for winter use for the animals that we kept at home—the cows and the horses that we kept around the place and used during the winter.

As soon as the first crop of the alfalfa was in, we went to work on the meadow hay and followed pretty much the same process there. There, one operation was simplified. We would cock it, put the hay into the cocks, with the rake, rather than doing it by hand. That was one advantage, although loading the hay and hauling it in was a disadvantage over the alfalfa because it was of a slippery nature and more difficult to get a full load on the fork. When it came to unloading, it was our preference to pitch the hay on the wagon and pitch it off, rather than to load or to stack. Someone was always careless, and we were getting a fork full of hay on our shoulders and leaves going down our neck or something of that sort.

One part of the wild hay harvest that was particularly disagreeable was when we encountered a heavy crop of fox tail. The fox tail was a stage in the growth of the grass that produced a grain-like seed that was equipped by nature apparently to go places. It was subject to being caught by the wind, and then it could dig itself in wherever it went. It could work its way through your clothes, so people generally pitched in the heat of the summer in a heavy denim jacket in order to fight shy of that fox tail. There was always a little fox tail around and some fields had a lot of fox tail, unless the hay was cut just before the fox tail began to form.

The meadow hay was used largely for the feeding of the cattle, whereas the alfalfa was the choicer feed and reserved for horses and for marketing. We fed the wild hay and some

alfalfa to our dairy cattle, but the range stock that we were feeding was limited almost exclusively to the meadow hay, or alfalfa that had been ruined in the process of harvesting by unseasonal rains.

We didn't always get all of our meadow hay harvested before the second cutting of alfalfa was ready and so we generally harvested meadow hay between both cuttings.

During the fall of the year, we, of course, had the harvest for all of the annual products before the frost came. The roasting-ear time of the year was always an interesting time. We always enjoyed it because of the product. It was a convenient time, because if we were caught in the field with an irrigating turn and we got hungry while we were still separated from the supper table by a couple of miles, we could resort to the corn patch. We would build a little fire, roast it over the coals and it would satisfy our hunger just as effectively as a meal of anything else.

That was also an important time of year for Mother, because she liked to dry corn for choice meals during the wintertime. She would take the corn at the "milk" stage and shave the kernels off the cob. She would spend as much as two days just doing nothing but cutting the kernels off the cob. She would take it and lay it out in the sun. She earlier used sheets, freshly laundered, and she would then spread the kernels out and let the sun dehydrate them. Then she would store it in flour sacks, or glass jars. In preparing it during the wintertime, it was always a must for our Thanksgiving dinner or our Christmas dinner, for special company and that sort of thing. She would, of course, soak it to reestablish the water content and then simmer it for quite some time and then top it off with lots of fresh cream and butter and properly seasoned. (Even after I came to Las Vegas, I

used to get orders from former residents of Panaca for dried corn.)

Before I left home, Mother had us build a special frame, a cube frame, with shelves of window screen on which she would place the corn. It dried much more effectively and she didn't have to fight the birds off while it was drying.

The main crop of corn, of course, could wait, as we wanted it to thoroughly mature. When it was matured, the cold weather didn't bother it any, so Father generally did the harvesting of that when the rest of us were in school. We got in on the husking; I don't know why we didn't think of a husking bee. We read about them in the school books, but we never organized. We would husk it. Then, Father had picked up a corn sheller somewhere during his travels. Anyway we had the only one, I think, in the valley. We used to get a lot of help on that in exchange for the use of it.

We also always had a kraut barrel, a fifty gallon barrel that was reserved for the special purpose of making our winter supply of kraut. So as the cabbages matured, we got out the kraut cutter and a big stomper, a club-shaped instrument made of wood. We would shave off a goodly supply with that, sprinkle in the salt and then pound it down. That product then fermented on its own. In the wintertime, there was nothing more delicious than going out as Mother was getting out a supply of that kraut, getting a saucer full of that frozen cabbage.

Cucumbers for pickles were a very important harvest. We would choose the proper sized cucumbers, fill two or three barrels with them, and over them we would pour a heavy salt brine. They would be preserved in this brine until Mother had occasion to use them. She would get them out several gallons at a time, soak them in fresh water to soak out the salt and then mix up one of her choice pickle mixes; let them stand in that until they were

ready for table use. She always kept them in large, open crocks, and we always used to know where to go to find a good sweet pickle. Her dill pickles, she preserved in glass jars.

Onions were an important harvest also. We would harvest them for winter use as dry onions. For the early spring use, we would just plow a furrow and take immature onions and place them in the furrow and cover them over. The frost didn't seem to bother them any. The first few days in the spring when the ground began to thaw, the onions began to sprout and we had a large, sweet, fresh onion before we had anything else from the garden.

The beans, green or string, were canned in considerable quantity. Of the squash that I mentioned, we had the two varieties; one was a choice hubbard squash that was set aside for table use. We used a lot of them for just baking and then, of course, for our squash or pumpkin pies. The large number of squash, however, were served primarily as a stock food. We fed large quantities of them to the pigs. They were not a heavy food, but a filling food, and when accompanied by corn, the pigs did very well. They were always used in preparing the animals for the meat harvest.

For our potatoes for household use, we had a storage cellar. Those that we raised for market, we put in pits. We would just dig a pit convenient to the house and unload them right from the wagon into the pit, cover them over with a heavy layer of straw and pile a layer of earth on top of that. We would generally leave a little breather hole in the form of a stovepipe sticking down in that would provide for ventilation. Then as the market justified, we would uncover and sack them. We used to send a lot of potatoes to Las Vegas to the market when Las Vegas wasn't using nearly so much as they are now.

There was one other harvest that I always looked forward to. In fact, I still do. There

is seldom a year that I don't go looking for pinenuts. The fact that Father liked pinenuts, too, didn't make it any more disagreeable. Of course, we didn't have pinenuts convenient every year, but whenever there were pinenuts, we would always schedule one or two wood hauling trips along with the pinenut season. We would go out generally the evening before, as early in the afternoon as we could get away, drive along under the pine trees with a garden rake and just rake them off the trees into the bed of the wagon.

One way to prepare them was let them dry out thoroughly and then beat them out of the cone. But that was unsatisfactory; we didn't like to wait. So we would get an old pan, fill it up, and put them in the oven, roast them right in the cone, dig them out, and they were ready roasted. In our evening camp before going to bed, of course, we would throw a lot of pinecones into the ashes or the coals and let them roast there until they were thoroughly cooked and the pine pitch was burned off of the cone. Then we would have a very enjoyable evening, eating freshly roasted pinenuts right out of the cone.

Pinenuts, of course, were one of the most significant parts of the Indian economy. Folks at home, Mother particularly, living there in Clover Valley as she did and getting acquainted with many of the Indians because of their friendship with her father, was always visited by a lot of them as they came through Panaca going for the pinenut harvest. In fact, they also came there to stock up with vegetables and with hay. We had a large corral, a large corral yard, and there was always an abundance of everything that they needed.

I remember them coming there on one occasion particularly. There had been one family in Clover Valley, one family of Indians who had named all of their children after my

grandfather's family. There was Jasper, Albert, Lamond, James; and then after the girls, a Minnie (named after my mother whose name was Minerva; everyone knew her as Minnie or Aunt Minnie), a Melinda, and a Roxa. I was in the kitchen with my mother (I used to spend a lot of my spare time in the kitchen; I learned a lot from my mother in the kitchen). The door very quietly opened and here came a squaw. She came around behind the door, didn't say a word, just squatted down behind the door. Behind her came another one, and behind her came still another one. The three of them stayed around behind the door, squatted down there on the floor next to the wall, didn't say a word. Mother looked at them, "Oh, hello, it has been a long time since you have been to see me. But I know you; you're Minnie; you were named after me." The squaw giggled. "And you're Roxa, you're named after my sister, and you're named Melinda, you're named after my other sister." Each one giggled in turn. And Mother talked on, let them know that she appreciated the visit, that they were welcome. They understood some of it, I guess, although apparently if they knew the English (they undoubtedly knew some), they didn't use it. Then after a visit, Mother said, "You're going out after pinenuts," and they nodded or giggled assent. Mother said, "Well, the corn is out here, the potatoes are out here, there is a big batch of squash out here, and you find what you want. Just help yourself, take all you want. You tell your men that the hay is in the barn; take what they want." So pretty soon without a word they got up and went out. They went and helped themselves to what they needed for making a temporary camp. They camped, generally, out on the edge of town somewhere. The next two or three days, the squaws were busy collecting what they would need during the time they would spend in the hills.

It was on one such occasion, they were visiting to stock up the supplies preparing for going up into the hills for several weeks to get their year's supply of nuts. This one squaw was making a last visit to our garden. Her man was sitting out in front waiting in his wagon while she collected the harvest. She was coming out with the last sack of produce over her shoulder. She had come up to the wagon and was turning around preparatory to loading that sack into the bed of the wagon and my oldest brother, a few years older than I, but still a child, called out to her, "Mow don't forget to bring us some pinenuts." That woman just literally froze in her tracks. That sack stopped where it was and seem to stand there almost immobile for two minutes. Then, apparently she collected herself and she turned around and lowered that sack to the ground, very deliberately, slowly, just like she was thinking all the time. She straightened up, she put her hands on her hips and she looked at him I don't know how he lived through it. It had been a laser beam, it would have burned through diamonds. She stood there again, she seemed to be fighting a frustration but all of a sudden after what seemed minutes, she literally exploded, saying, "My name Minnie."

She seemed to be relieved. Anyway, she very deliberately turned around, picked up the sack of vegetables, put them in the wagon bed, climbed in and took her traditional seat there on the bed of the wagon. Her husband drove off, apparently oblivious to any insult or anything of that nature going on. She, however, had been insulted in the extreme. It had been assumed by someone that she might forget to pay just debt, and for anyone, even a child, to assume that was more than she could take. She rode off with her head in the air, a stately, reserved queenly bearing. They always came back after the nut harvest,

and they always paid a just reimbursement in nuts for everything that they got.

The Indians sometimes would bring their raw nuts with them and make camp up above town. The different groups, of course, came and went at different times. They would cook their nuts at that time. I had never seen how they did it. Of course, it was just a matter of roasting nuts and subjecting them to heat.

In our house at the present time, we put a pan over the electric heater in the living room. We munch on the pinenuts while they are at all stages of the process, or we bring them home from the hills in the cone stage and cook them in the oven. Even today there is nothing like that aroma in the house; it is just refreshing all the way through. We never tired of pinenuts; in fact, we never had time to eat all that we wanted. We had to take them to school, and if you have pinenuts in your pocket, you are not going to keep your hands out of your pocket or your nuts out of your mouth, teacher's attitude to the contrary notwithstanding. Lots of times we had to spend time after school in compensation for the time that we spent eating pinenuts.

The same was true with parched corn. That, of course, is another Indian favorite, but it was another white man favorite, too, of the 'teen years of the twentieth century. We would get the matured corn and soak it until it was softened and then dry it out and roast it in an open skillet, keeping it stirred until it was thoroughly heated through and parched, but stirred to keep from burning. With a little salt and a little sprinkle of butter to keep the salt on, it was hard to beat for between class or study period snack. It beat the modern coffee break all hollow!

Another important harvest was our meat supply. A big part of that was pork. We would generally hang up anywhere from five to seven hogs for our own use during the

fall of the year. We always had a few for the market. Our butcher yard was out under a big cottonwood tree and on that we had a block and tackle. We would raise and lower the animal into the scalding kettle to loosen the hair before scraping it off. My father had plenty of experience, became a very fine butcher. It would take several days to get the meat all cut up.

Father used a variety of means of curing the meat. He would dry-salt a lot of it. There was some of it he chose to pickle in brine. Some, we would put in a smoke house and cure in that manner.

Then, of course, later in the year (when the weather permitted, because there wasn't an effective way of curing the meat and preserving it—we had to wait until the temperatures would go below freezing generally every night), we would hang up a beef. Of course, at other times during the summer time, we would often team up with neighbors to take a quarter or such an amount as they were able to use—of course, without refrigeration—and limit ourselves to smaller animals. In general, we saved our mutton for summer consumption because they were much smaller. When we had ice, although we had no effective way of controlling cold air, we would take portions of the meat and bury it right on top of the ice we had stored for summer use.

Speaking now on health, the childhood diseases were held, during the earlier years anyway, in considerable dread. Medical service was almost unobtainable. It was very difficult, anyway, to come by. There was a doctor at Pioche; there was also a doctor at Caliente. Those doctors made periodic trips. They generally traveled by horse and buggy, and they were free to travel on circuit only when business was light at home. The Caliente doctor was generally termed a railroad

doctor,” and generally under contract for the railroad workers. The doctor from Pioche frequently did travel by railroad; the branch line that ran from Caliente by way of Panaca to Pioche. But the schedule was anything but convenient, and when he came down it was necessary for him to stay overnight. So I say, prior to the coming of the automobile, they traveled by horse and buggy.

In our own family, Mother lost her oldest boy, her second child, as a result of measles, and so she particularly held those childhood diseases in dread. Of course, we acquired the diseases, regardless. But just as soon as one of us showed any symptoms, we were immediately isolated away in a room and the others were bidden to stay away. We were permitted to visit through the windows. On one occasion, my brother had the measles, one form of the measles, and after he got over the worst of them (he was quite sick), my next older brother and myself were passing by; the door was open, but the screen door was shut so we had a little visit. Then we asked Mother if it was all right to visit through the screen door. Well, it wasn't, so we had our turn with the measles.

My next older brother, however, came down with the chickenpox and he was isolated. We sort of envied the treatment that he got that we observed through the window. We never got that disease at all.

Whooping cough was probably more dreaded than anything else. Mother referred to it as the dirtiest of all the diseases. She just didn't sleep when her youngsters had the whooping cough. There was no recourse, it just had to run its course. There was no way of effectively treating it.

After a room was vacated, a room in which one of us had been isolated, Mother gave it a most thorough treatment. I remember she used to bring in a pot of sulphur, set fire

to the sulphur and just close the room up. Supposedly nothing would live under those conditions. Later she used formaldehyde in some way as a fumigant.

When I was a sophomore in high school—Mother generally had boarders—one of the boarders come home quite ill. She developed quite a rash; in fact, it was more than a rash. It was smallpox. Mother thought she recognized them, but, no, it was impossible that she could have smallpox. Mother was pretty well called off until finally, she decided that she was going to get the doctor in. The doctor came down from Pioche and, sure enough, it was smallpox. By that time several in the household had been exposed. The roommate of this teacher had a turn at it and her fiancé was in turn exposed. My next older brother got it.

Then someone brought in a book to help him while the time away. Books for entertainment were so scarce in town, and I was such an avid reader when I could find something to read, that I just couldn't leave that book alone. I learned that he was through with it, so I stepped into his room and got the book, and also got the smallpox.

I never enjoyed anything more in my life after about the first five days. I was the last one, with the exception of this teacher's fiancé to get the disease, and rather than have it spread around, as soon as his symptoms began to show, we brought him into the house and we had it together. During the period that we were convalescing, we would slip out the back door and down through the fields with guns and be gone on a hunt. Everybody else was in school. We spent many enjoyable hours out hunting ducks, quail, rabbits, and tramping around through the fields enjoying the fresh spring air.

Because of the lack of professional medical service, Mother was a good practical

nurse. She had a number of home remedies that seemed to carry a lot of merit. She made her own cough syrups, she utilized such things as pine pitch for an effective drawing poultice, as a disinfectant and as a healing factor. It is the same pine pitch that comes from the pinion pine tree. We still use that very extensively in our own home for certain treatments. My wife was telling me just the other day that she had been treating a corn of many years duration on my mother's foot, and that she had cleared it up after all those years of suffering with a pine pitch poultice.

Mother made the cough syrup from a bush that grew in the mountains; she called it balsam. I know the bush, but I don't associate it in any way with the balsam tree. There are more effective syrups, now, but that was as good or better than anything else that they had in those days. She boiled it and added some sweetening to it, made a syrup of it.

I had another serious health problem. When I was eight years old, I was on a teeter totter, seesaw, with my older brother. It was just a board through a panel board fence, and a loose board worked either one way or the other, and pretty soon I had too much leverage on my side. In such cases, one of us would give the board a jerk and sort of even things up. He saw what was happening and gave the board a jerk when I wasn't expecting it. That threw me off balance and I fell over and hit the, top panel of the board fence on my upper lip, and knocked out seven teeth. One of them was one of the big incisors. The other incisor was only loosened, but it remained. Some were permanent teeth, others were baby teeth. Those that were baby teeth, of course, were replaced; but as they came in and there was nothing to guide them and so they came in every which direction. Mother said that had she thought a second time, she would have taken that one big incisor anyway and reinserted it.

There was no help. We had a dentist who made an annual circuit through the town once a year, and there was no other dentist in the county. The nearest was St. George, a hundred miles away, and at that time that was impossible. It was three days travel by horse and buggy, so my teeth came in a badly deformed mouth. It continued that way until I graduated from high school. Then Mother heard of a very fine dentist at St. George—it should have been an orthodontist, but they didn't have such specialists in those days.

She sent me to him and he ground away on the crooked teeth, and sort of straightened them up and by using inlays, built bridgework depending on the one big incisor tooth across my mouth. In any case, when I did go to school, I had a fairly presentable mouth; one I wasn't nearly so conscious of.

Well, I think that makes a pretty good rundown on some phases of the life. It doesn't cover the woman's work or life. I think that we did a lot of hard work that didn't hurt us a bit, but when it came to hard work, I don't think there was a man in the town that could keep up with the work that some of the women did.

WOMAN'S WORK ON A SOUTHERN NEVADA RANCH

My mother was one of those that, well, she had a nervous energy, she was always doing something of a constructive nature. The day that called for the greatest amount of work was probably her wash day. Although the nature of the life itself was hard, our culinary water system was very unsatisfactory during the greater part of the time that I spent at home. We gathered it out of an irrigation ditch.

For the irrigation system, the water was brought into town from a spring a mile to the north through a big ditch or canal. The whole community was built below the high water flow level so that laterals at different points were taken out and down into different sections of the town. They were diverted there to sub-laterals. Every street had a ditch on one side or another; some streets had ditches on both sides to provide for getting irrigation water on every lot and also to provide what we called a drinking stream for every household. While water was in short supply, it was recognized that life and sustenance of life was more important than the crop, although of course, the crop would be taken care of.

Everyone was entitled to a culinary stream. Generally, during the summertime, it was just a trickle and generally limited to just the early hours of the day.

Mother always wanted to get out and take advantage of those early hours before anything got out and began to rile up the water. She wanted her water as fresh as possible. Father was always occupied with something else, and generally had his boys out on the other chores when Mother got out to dip up the water, so that was her responsibility until I got big enough to do it, and then I took over. Even if I had to get up before she did to do it.

We had one barrel that she always kept scoured clean for our drinking and her cooking supply. It was fifty gallons. Generally she had other barrels not kept so convenient to the house in which she drew her supply for other things as washing the dishes, laundry purposes, and so forth.

On wash day, the first thing to do was to start a fire in the laundry room. Mother had one room separated from the main house for that purpose, a stove there, and a big copper

boiler that held possibly fifteen gallons. We would fill that and get it to boiling. At the same time, we would take some of her home-made soap, cut it up so that by the time the water was hot enough, she would have good working soapy suds. The night before, she would probably set a lot of the clothes to soaking, let them soak in just regular plain water overnight. Then, as I recall, the next process was to run the clothes through a hand wringer and put them into a very primitive type of washing machine.

This washing machine—I think she had one just as early as I can remember—was wooden. It had a lid, through the lid projected the agitator, and through levers—one that worked back and forth—and through gears, this agitator picked up a forward-reverse swirling motion that brought the clothes to swirl, well, pretty much the same as the modern electrically-operated agitator type of washing machine. Operated by hand, it didn't operate as effectively, as fast, or as long, as what we have today. That is where us kids came in, operating that washing machine. Later, we did acquire a motor-driven washing machine that was one of the earlier out. It operated by a little two-cycle gas engine, but we spent a lot more energy trying to make that doggone engine operate than we did in getting the clothes clean!

From the washing machine she would take the clothes that she was particular about; that is, the shirts, dresses and such things, and go over them by hand on a washboard, make sure that they were thoroughly clean. Of course, that didn't do all the work, and so the next step was a boiling process. She would put them into a re-filled copper boiler with lots of soap and boil them, and boil them, and keep on boiling them for almost indefinite period. From there, they went into a fresh water rinse and from there into a bluing water rinse. There

was a special preparation in the form of bluing that was supposed to remove any tell-tale gray that might have persisted through the boiling process. From there, of course, they went out onto the line. The washing process took the whole day and filled up a lot of clothesline, too.

Following washday, of course, was always ironing day. I experienced quite an evolution in methods of ironing or types of irons. Originally, we had the one-piece solid metal iron, a molded handle attached. It was very limited in size. It was heated on top of the wood range. Mother had about a half a dozen of those; she would iron a part of a shirt and then had to change irons. She was always looking for a misplaced ironing pad to keep from burning her hand. She was not always successful in avoiding burns.

After a few years with that type of iron, she acquired a heavier iron, with a dismountable handle; the one handle would serve for all of the irons but they were still heated on the stove. She would take them back to the stove and shift the handle from one to the other. It was equipped with a wood handle so she was free of the inconvenience of the pad and the burns.

Then I remember that a salesman came by. That is generally the way we acquired new ideas; somebody would come in with a gadget and give a demonstration and sell it. She got a gasoline iron. It was heated automatically. There was a little gas tank that held approximately a half a pint, maybe only a half a cup, of gasoline. That fed down into the body of the iron where there as a little generator. The gasoline was fed down through that generator and after heating the generator, the gas, as it came in vaporized, and burst into a hot flame. This heated the iron. Mother was sold. She tried that out a few times and it was just like a new world for her. She saved all those trips to the stove or

setting up her ironing board next to the hot stove. On a hot day there was still some relief, she didn't have to heat up the house to do her ironing. But then she became aware that every time she used that, she ended up with a severe headache. So pretty soon she had to go back to the old-fashioned iron, better to suffer the inconvenience than the headache. So that continued until the electric iron came in. (Of course there were electric irons before we got the electricity.)

The coming of electricity was an interesting story. There were times when we had electricity during the daytime only for washing on one day and ironing on certain hours the next. Then of course, electricity in the evening. Even that was a good thing until finally they had electricity from Hoover Dam on a constant basis.

Aside from the washing, ironing and regular meal preparation, Mother took care of the poultry and egg production.

During the summertime, she made the year's supply of cheese. Cheese production, of course, called for a good supply of milk. So we teamed up with Uncle Will's family. We would take the evening supply of milk, pool it with the morning supply of milk from both families. Then Aunt Lizzie and Mother would get together. It was necessary to heat the milk to a certain temperature, then add the rennet. When the milk was properly curdled the whey was dipped off, the curd was cut and seasoned, put in the mold and then placed in the press. The time of the day we always looked forward to was when we were permitted to get a handful of the curds. Then we were also on hand when Mother went out in the evening to trim and turn the cheese so that it was pressed evenly. Those trimmings of that fresh cheese—they tasted like nothing else, an entirely different taste than the cured cheese. During the summer,

she and Aunt Lizzie together would set up twenty or twenty-five cheeses that weighed from twelve to fifteen pounds each. I have never tasted any cheese since I left home that compared with that which was made at home.

I mentioned that she made her own soap. She would save animal fats for such time as was needed to gather enough to make a supply of soap. The surplus bacon grease, the rinds, the suet from the beef, surplus fat that was rendered from the pork were all used. We had a part of a steel drum set up as a soap kettle, although she also used a huge brass kettle. She put the ingredients into the container and used commercial lye. She then boiled the soap down to a proper consistency, let it harden, and carved it into convenient size bars. The stuff would dehydrate lots of times to where it was difficult to cut through, but it was always effective after you got it reduced to suds.

During the fall of the year (we had a big house), she generally had some boarders in the form of schoolteachers and students from out of town. She also had big meal preparations. I spent a lot of time in the kitchen. My older sister (I had three sisters) was some twelve years older than I was, and so she was taking care of her own family about the time I was of help. The other two sisters were younger and so Mother took me into the kitchen, she said, before Dad could find out what I could do out in the field.

I have never regretted the time I spent there and the lessons that I learned from her in many ways. There were lessons in cooking that I can still teach my wife, little lessons that she won't learn for fear that I will forget. I enjoy getting in a kitchen. I find that it is relaxing. During the time the youngsters were growing up and in high school, my wife decided that she wanted to do some work. She got a job and lots of times she wouldn't get home until six o'clock. (This was when the kids

were big enough to pretty well take care of themselves.) During those days when the day was so long, she never got home at six o'clock in her life that there wasn't a meal ready on the table waiting for her. The kids probably knew the difference, but they never mentioned any difference between her meals and mine. The most gratifying part of it, I think, for me, was that after being in school until five o'clock and possibly an evening session coming up, I would be pretty well tied up with tensions and nervousness. I could get in the kitchen and I could relax. I used everything in the kitchen. You never knew what might come out in seasoning, but we never threw any of it away; there was never any left to throw away. When they are home, the kids are always anxious to get out in the hills somewhere and get a camp meal—cooked in dutch ovens over the coals of a campfire.

Another one of Mother's activities always intrigued me. We always looked forward to that time of the year for the making of mincemeat. Again she had to wait until the cold part of the year arrived. She also waited for the meat supply with which to make it. She got her fruits together, the suet and the spices. I always got to chop up the fruit for her. She filled a huge wooden bowl with her mincemeat. After it had cured for awhile, she would put it away in glass jars. Of course, she always added a little of the proper spirits she would accumulate during the year—a bottle of choice brandy that she would add for proper seasoning. She always said that the alcohol evaporated off, so she wasn't violating any church precept. There was only one person that ever made mincemeat that tasted like hers, and she was that person.

After spending a full day taking care of the affairs of the house, she never sat down in the evening to be idle. She liked to read, but she didn't read as much as she would have liked

to because there was always something else to be done. She had a touch for needlework. She crocheted, she tatted, she knitted, she made doilies, she made couch covers, she made afghans, she made sweaters, she knitted socks. She was always working on something of that nature. She also had a carpet loom. All of the worn-out clothing went into a rag-bag. If she wasn't doing anything else, she might be sewing carpet rags.

She had an elderly neighbor; in fact, this neighbor was a polygamous wife on one of the important pioneer families of the southern Utah area, but she lived with a daughter there in Panaca. She had been assigned during her later years to Panaca as a midwife. In fact, she was the one that ushered me into the world. Anyway, she used to like to visit with Mother. She would come down and spend days at a time visiting, and while Mother was going about other chores she would be working at cutting and sewing carpet rags, and rolling them into a ball.

When Mother got her supply of carpet rags all ready, she would get the warp and thread the loom, and then go to work in weaving her carpet. She wove the carpet in strips, probably about three feet in width. There again I came into a certain responsibility. I filled the shuttle-cock with the carpet rags. She had a little stand on which was mounted a couple of pulleys. You would turn the crank on one of them, which was attached by a belt to another one, that operated a wheel on the other side, that pulled the carpet-rag off the ball, and directed it down into a little compartment that held the shuttle-cock.

In filling the shuttle-cock, we would operate the machine with one hand, turning the crank, and pounding the rag into the shuttle with the little pounding instrument designed for that purpose. She then would take the shuttle-cock and put into the shuttle,

passing it back and forth, as she tamped the woof or the rag into place. After that was done, it took quite a long period of time for her to weave the necessary footage to cover the living room floor. But after she had woven that amount of carpeting, she would sew the strips together in the proper lengths.

Then came the problem of laying the carpet. For padding and also for weather insulation, we would bring a good supply of the choice meadow hay, cover the floor with that and then stretch the carpet over it. We weren't so proficient in laying wall-to-wall carpeting as we are now. We had a little tack hammer and carpet tacks. It was easy to tack down two sides, but after that it was tug and pull and stretch for every tack that was driven. I always liked to get in on my part of the tacking on the first two parts. After that, we were pounding our own fingers as much as we were the tacks.

Another of the activities of Mother was that of making bedding or quilts. She spent a lot of time and a lot of energy in this pursuit. She would, as time permitted through the course of the year, spend considerable time in selecting and cutting, sewing or piecing quilt blocks together. We generally had a few sheep on the place and we would take the wool from those animals, have it carded and arranged in batting, get lining for the quilt and set up the frames and go to work.

Very frequently, she would take advantage of the opportunity to invite a few of the neighbors, relatives, friends and so on and have a regular quilting bee, in which case the work proceeded very fast. They would get it all off within a very short time. At other times, she would set it up in a spare room and work on it just as it was convenient to do so. In any case, Mother never lacked for something to do. She never had to look for work, and she was always busy.

A RURAL WATER SYSTEM

I have mentioned a time or two the problems connected with providing the water for irrigation. I think I mentioned the large ditch that was dug in order to divert the water from the spring to the townsite. This was a major undertaking for people without machinery. It constituted the construction of a ditch over virgin land. That in itself was a problem, because the land had never been subjected to a great weight under moist conditions, and it seems after a short while, the land, being wet, would compact and settle. So for the first few years, it was necessary to rebuild the ditch on many occasions, raising it each time to a higher level. Then in order to get the water through it to a townsite, it had to pass through a considerable elevation. The ditch at different points was fourteen to sixteen feet in depth. Where they relied on plows to loosen the earth, and manpower with shovels to remove it, you can understand that was a major achievement.

That was only the first part, because as the ditch skirted the edge of the valley, there were ravines and tributary washes from the

surrounding hills that carried flood water down at right angles to the ditch. The country was always subject to thunder storms, summer cloudbursts. When the water was restored to the ditch—by that time most of the gardens in town were drastically in need of water and we were all tired of hauling water—it was quite a joyous moment.

The organization for the utilization of the water was interesting. I don't know how early it was formed but anyway, very early in the history of the community; the Panaca Irrigation Company. Normally, the water would go with the land, and every block was allotted so much water. The water was divided, the flow of the spring, into what were known as streams. Then the streams were made available to the individual lots on the basis of shares. So private ownership of the water rights came on the basis of shares, with, as I recall, two shares equaling one stream and the flow of the water providing eight streams for each twelve hour period, making sixteen streams during the day, the stream being the unit indicating the quantity of water.

Then the individuals had their water turn. Early in the spring, the individual owners were assessed or taxed on the basis of the number of shares they had. A citizen was selected to serve as water master (although we called him the "water boss"). He set up a weekly schedule. As I recall, the weekly shares of the streams, the turns, came just about weekly and alternated night and day. Everyone had a chance at the daylight turn on their water. He would come at least two days ahead of the watering turn to notify us. If there was a question as to where we wanted the water, we could express it at that time, and he would divert it down the proper ditch. Of course, we were always there to take advantage of the water.

I mentioned previously, too, that there was the question of the drinking stream for culinary use. There was frequently a little conflict between the claimant for the culinary stream and the water right for the irrigation purpose on the size of the stream, or any stream at all, because the water was so much in demand. If it was a question of the culinary stream, we would see ladies going up the ditch all hours of the day to find out where their drinking stream was. If it was a question of a shortage in the irrigation stream, here came the man in his rubber boots to find out where his water was. So frequently, it was a matter of see-sawing back and forth, cutting and filling in dams during the day.

In 1917, the people of the community got together, floated a bond issue, and installed a concrete pipe, twenty-four inch capacity, to carry the water. From then on, we were free of the ditch-breaking problem and that was a phase of our life, or one problem, that disappeared.

We did not, however, at that time get the water piped homes. There was insufficient pressure for that purpose. The ditch was laid out on town level. The pipe was laid out

on the same level, and it was all, relatively speaking, on town level, so that there would be no pressure to force the water into a piped culinary system. It came later, however, with electric power available and the discovery of a very good source of underground water in the valley. A well was drilled; water was pumped to a high level in one of the nearby hills, and diverted from there through a very much appreciated culinary piping system.

Closely related to the water supply, of course, is the problem of health. It is inconceivable, almost, to many people that we suffered as little from ill health originating from the water supply as we did. There was on record only one case of typhoid fever in the valley, and that was supposedly imported. We did have our health problems, however.

Incidentally, I might mention that the water from the spring was considered almost perfect in fluoride content. It is one water supply in the state that is cited as the most ideal from that point of view.

MY EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION

My early childhood was, I think, an interesting life. There were many things to attract a child. There was little or nothing in the way of commercial toys. I remember that I had a set of blocks, and I remember playing with those blocks by the hour on the kitchen floor while Mother was at work. I would line them up in the form of a train, and build various types of structures with them. As I grew a little older, it seems that my brothers and myself spent a lot of time simulating farm and ranch life. We took small sticks and built corral layouts, fixing up lanes and fencing in pastures. For the horses, we used bottles and we built little harnesses from string. We had little drags that they pulled around (of course we did the dragging). We also baled hay for them, building a rectangular box, possibly three and a half to four inches square. We would line that with carpet warp we salvaged from Mother's loom, running three strands down in and up the sides. And, of course, we would tamp in the grass. When that was full and well-tamped, we would tie it and lift one side of the rectangular frame and the bale

would come out. We would spend hours at a time just doing nothing but baling hay, hauling it up to the corral, breaking it up and filling the mangers we had constructed.

For the cattle, we used bones of dead animals. The vertebrae of a cow, for instance, would make a large animal. Then we would find smaller vertebrae, the tail bones for instance, for calves and so on. Small bottles, of course, were colts.

We also built corrals of different types. We had wire fences made out of string, and we would have the bull fence, which was the very primitive type of fence that they made where there was an abundance of wood. There were wooden posts set into the ground at different angles so that it was almost a barricade; it served that purpose. I called it a bull fence because even the bulls respected it.

I was accused, as I grew up, of being rather mischievous, and I am still reminded of some of the tricks I used to play on the town blacksmith, who was my wife's grandfather. He had a blacksmith's shop that was on the corner of one of the main streets in town,

and just across the street from the home of my cousin. That cousin was just my age; we spent a lot of time together. There were on the corner of that lot, a couple of very climbable trees. We spent a lot of time in those trees. A boy was not a boy unless he had what we called a flipper, generally called a slingshot, stowed away in his hind pocket. Well, the old blacksmith, whose name was Ted Gentry, would get a horse out in front of his shop and be in the process of applying a shoe, and we couldn't resist the temptation to let fly with a rock from our flipper toward the horse or the blacksmith shop, just to hear the old man express himself.

There were various forms of vandalism that I question the wisdom of at the present time. The Bullionville Mill stood nearby. In fact, it was revived a number of times down through the years around 1917 or 1918, and after that it was pretty well abandoned. It had broad expanses of small window panes. Those window panes were most attractive. We used to ride by on horses and see how many of those we could shoot out as we rode by at a gallop. As I look back on it now, as well as on the shooting of insulators from telegraph poles, I don't visualize it as anything malicious or a desire to be mean; it was just probably a lack of education. We had not learned to respect property. It was unguarded, so apparently unwanted. Well, we just didn't analyze it from the point of view of the problems we created for others. It was a challenge, something to shoot at. It was always a pleasure to hear a tinkle of glass, and so we took advantage of all those opportunities. I think that had anyone anticipated what we were doing and counseled us on it, our attitude would have been different.

An important day that we observed religiously was Nevada's Admission Day. We didn't know about Admission Day, we knew

it as Hallowe'en. This cousin and I, after we got into high school, worked up, I think, one of the most effective Hallowe'en tricks that I have ever heard of. In fact, I think it is still a good trick. We had been studying chemistry, and of course had been exposed to hydrogen sulfide, commonly known as rotten egg gas. As I recall, it was ferrous sulfide with diluted sulphuric acid. We set up a little generating apparatus, and that night we went out with our supply of purloined ferrous sulfide and sulphuric acid and started doing the town.

I think the first house we came to was Uncle Eli Edwards. We peeked through the window, and Eli was stretched out there in his favorite chair, enjoying an after-supper nap. We pushed a little hose through the keyhole and turned on the generator. We let it flow through there for a few minutes. We saw him begin to stir, then we pulled it out and went across the street to a family that operated the one hotel accommodation in the town. They had a number of paying guests. We poured a good liberal supply through that keyhole and somebody yelled and we took it out and went on up the street. We made two or three other visits up there, and as we came by, we heard someone say, "Shut the door, we are going to freeze to death." Somebody answered, "Well, we're going to die anyway."

At that time there was a road crew working nearby. It was the first bit of highway construction through the valley. They had their camp set up about two miles out of town. At night they would come in, one of the local merchants would open up a store and build a fire in the pot-bellied stove, and they would sit around there. Of course, it was good for trade. They would buy material for snacks and that sort of thing, sit around and munch and gossip. Well, we went in there. Nobody paid any attention to us, so we looked around behind some of the piles of crates of supplies

that they hadn't shelved yet. The evening was about shot and so was our supply, so we took what we had left, and put it together, set it down behind the crates and walked out. We went across the street to see what would happen. It didn't take long. That whole group of highway employees came out of there in a stream and went off down the street moaning and grumbling. We heard quite a lot of talk about that, but no one ever knew the answer; except the high school chemistry teacher might have had his suspicions.

Every summer, my mother was duty bound to make a tour of her relatives for a visit and she always took some of the younger children with her. As a rule, she would begin with the youngest; the youngest one had to go with her. Then she would take them in alternates in order to eliminate the friction spots in the family as much as possible. Accordingly, I got to go along as one of the alternates quite frequently. We would go to Clover Valley where she would spend some time with her aging father, and so I got pretty well acquainted with cousins, and a different type of ranch life, and gained a knowledge of my grandfather.

Then she had two sisters and one brother who had married into the Terry family. Well, the Terry family is known today as one of the prominent pioneering families of the area. Anyway, they lived over in Utah, so we made occasional pilgrimages over there.

We traveled in different ways. On one occasion, we took the train at Panaca and rode to Caliente, transferred there onto the main line of the Union Pacific, which went through Clover Valley, and rode on up to Clover Valley. They made a special stop for the train. We got off there and then by previous communication, it was arranged that Aunt Roxie and Uncle Tom Terry, after we had a visit with Grandfather Woods—would meet

us there—pick us up and take us over to the Terry ranch, across the line in Utah. There we lived an entirely different type of ranch life, in a very different environment. From there, on twelve miles to Enterprise, Utah, again by team and wagon. It seems that they always had gentler horses around Clover Valley and the Terry ranch than we had at home. I really learned my horseback riding away from home.

The visits were always very attractive to all of us youngsters. We had cousins our own age, generally at all places, and it meant a lot to us in those earlier years.

On our return home, again, it seems now as I look back on it, things must have been pretty well scheduled, although I was too young to realize it. As we left the Terry ranch, we were driven by two older cousins in a buggy. That buggy was filled with people going to celebrate the twenty-fourth of July of Panaca, and so we arrived home just in time for the celebration. We would settle down then for the summer's work.

On one occasion, Father had his wheat ground into flour at the Enterprise Mill. Normally he purchased his flour supply in the fall of the year through the Panaca Coop. They would take orders from all the residents of the town for a year's supply at a time, and then bring in one or two, or whatever was required in the way of carloads, by way of the railroad. When that arrived, we were given notice, Father would hitch up the wagon, drive to the railroad station and take his portion of the flour, bring it home and store it away; enough to last us through the year.

This year he had had a pretty good harvest of grain, so he had it ground into flour at Enterprise. He took it over; it was during the Christmas holidays and it was a cold winter. We went through the hills, making it to Terry's ranch one day, and then to Enterprise the

next and got it ground, loaded it up, and made it back by way of Modena and over the Modena summit. I don't believe I have ever suffered more from the cold than I did on that trip. It was very cold and inconvenient, but I was more than enthused, regardless. We had the chance to visit with the relatives again, swap stories with the cousins, try out each other on different tricks, everything that kids generally do.

The first school in Panaca was held in a small building made out of cedar posts stuck upright in the ground, thatched over with willows and earth. The next step in building construction for school buildings was the construction of the meeting house of the church. The original unit was made of adobes. Then that was used for the school building. Later on, as the population grew, it didn't accommodate everyone, so there was another adobe building taken over to supplement the use of the meeting house. I know that my oldest brother attended school in those buildings, as did my older sister. In 1909, the school district constructed a two-story, four-room concrete block building. It was in that building that I attended school. I started in the fall after I was five years old in June. I still remember how I happened to enter school at that age.

School had just started in September, and my two older brothers came home one day and said, "Aha, Grant's going to school, Grant's going to school." Grant Edwards was that cousin that was just my age. We were practically inseparable. So I can still hear my old Daddy saying, "If Grant can go to school, my boy can go to school." So the next day I took off for school. I think that was tragic in my life, because I was not ready for school; I was not mature enough. But in a small town, a teacher had to be pretty careful about detaining students. I went on from the first

grade to the second grade at the end of the year, although I was not ready for it.

I can still remember the teacher. I know what she was doing now; I didn't know at the time. She was teaching phonics. She had the alphabet and combinations. I can still visualize them in the corner of that room, hanging from the ceiling to the floor. To me they were marks, they might have been bugs, they didn't mean anything. She would stand up there with a pointer and she would point to one and the class would respond with proper sound. I didn't associate; I can remember that I did not associate a sound with the symbols. I learned to read, I don't know how, unless it was just by rote, probably the way they learn today. I still suffer, though, from proper interpretation of my alphabetical combinations.

I learned my times-tables, but I didn't know my arithmetic. I remember going to the teacher when I was in the second grade. She had put some simple addition problems on the blackboard and told us to work them out. Some of the kids asked her individually if they could just write out the answers. She gave them permission. I went up and asked if I could just write out the answers. I remember very well what the answer was, "No, you don't know what you are doing anyway." And she was right. But I remember that I was able to memorize the times-tables. I got so I could do division all right, but when it came to fractions I floundered badly.

I got by in history and geography, but in grammar I was lost. That stayed right with me through the grades. I suffered from it even in high school. So I've been a firm believer in maturity in youngsters when they first enter school ever since.

I have had a lot of pretty strong arguments on that point. I have argued it before the state legislature in fact. On that occasion, they

advocating lowering the admission age of kindergarten students and was opposed by the Reno PTA. They won. I still have to be convinced.

I entered school, too, right after the transition from the use of slates to scratch paper. My oldest brother used slates and slate pencils. I still have his slate. Not very long ago I picked up a supply of slate pencils in my wife's grandmother's old house that we were wrecking.

The school building had four school rooms, each schoolroom accommodated two grades, with one teacher for every two grades. In my grammar school years I had four different teachers; a new teacher every two years. The teachers of my third and fourth grades and fifth and sixth grades were local, and I got along very well with them, because I knew if I didn't, I stood to get a good, severe punishment.

On alternate years, I was particularly good, because I had a brother going through the grades just one year ahead of me. I think probably he was a little better by virtue of my presence, too. If anything happened that either of us got into trouble, the folks heard about it at home and then they straightened us out; the teacher was always right. It made life much better for the teacher, and made for much better education.

I think it was while I was in the fifth and sixth grades that we were engaged in World War I. That was something that was brought home to us, very personally, in the things we studied, in the things that we did. Always there were the drives to raise war funds, the sale of bonds, and so on. We had at that time, the Liberty Bonds. Mother was appointed as a Liberty Bond driver, that is to carry on the drive. The schools made a special point to promote thrift among the youngsters. We had War Thrift Stamps. A Thrift Stamp cost

twenty-five cents and when you would get twenty Thrift Stamps, you turned those in on a War Savings Stamp. You could get so many War Savings Stamps and you could turn them in on a Liberty Bond. We just put all of our nickels and dimes in on Thrift Stamps, and we built it up to where we had quite a book, during the two-year period, of War Savings Stamps. I never got a bond, but to us anyway, it was quite an achievement to get just a War Savings Stamp. We took a great deal of pride in what we had. We, in our study of history, of course, placed a great deal of stress on patriotism. In our music, we went into the singing of patriotic songs. We sang the patriotic songs of the Allies, "God Save the King" and "Marseillaise" and we had long stirring war songs. I remember one we particularly liked, "While We're Canning the Kaiser." We, of course, also sang "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," "Johnny Get Your Gun," etc.

I pay myself a terrific compliment when I say we sang. There was one of the local men that was teaching at that time was quite a trumpet player. We used to get the upper four grades together and he would come in with his trumpet and accompany us in our songs. We thought that was great.

I would like to tell of the time I was late for school. One thing that, when we were growing up, our parents were particularly zealous about, was promptness. And when we had a responsibility, it was doubly our responsibility to be there to assume it. If there was a possibility that we might be late for something, it wasn't that we might be relieved of any responsibility, but we assumed more; and we would get up earlier in order to meet them all.

It was one of my responsibilities on this particular occasion to drive the cows to pasture in the field about two miles north

of town. Along with the regular milk stock, I was to pick up another cow that had just recently delivered a calf. I rode down into the pasture to drive her up. She was separated a little from the calf and I started toward the calf. She resented it and charged the horse. She had sharp horns. She missed my foot by just a matter of couple of inches, but gored the shoulder of the horse. The horse made about two jumps before I rolled off. Of course, I didn't stop to see if she was coming, I just got up and left. In any case, Dad came around and checked over the shoulder of the horse, "Oh, she isn't hurt. Go on and take them to the pasture."

I started out, but the farther I got, the lamer the horse got, and when I was about a mile from home, she just couldn't navigate. I turned the cows loose, got off the horse and was going to lead her back. It was a very slow, laborious process. She was severely injured and the muscles were getting pretty sore. I worked her along to town, and I knew I was going to be late because of the ringing of the school bells. I heard the eight-thirty bell when I was still a long way from home, and several blocks from home when I heard the ten-minute bell, and just barely getting home when I heard the nine o'clock bell. I got her back and told Father that the cows were on the loose. He went to deliver the cows to the pasture. Anyway, I was late for school that morning, and I think that was the only time that I was ever late during my elementary school years.

I missed a half a day once when I was in high school; I got my feet frozen. It was during the Christmas holidays and Mother and Father had decided to go visit the relatives. Mother had a sister in Enterprise. We had a Model T Ford at the time. My oldest brother was anxious for a little vacation, so he drove them over. While they were there, there was

a heavy snow storm. There were still only country roads, no road maintenance or anything of that nature, so on the way back, going up over the Modena summit they were having a little car trouble, timing trouble or something. In any case, although the road had been broken open, the snow was too well packed to give them any traction at all, and particularly when their power was off, and so they were stalled. They were stalled out there over night.

My brother walked in a matter of about twelve miles, got in about three o'clock in the morning, got me out of bed to go back after the folks. I got a neighbor with his car and we went up. We got them, with a great deal of effort, pulled them up over the summit.

In any case, I hadn't taken any precautions at all in preparing for the expedition. I had on light socks and relatively light shoes. My feet got terrifically cold, and furthermore, I was driving or steering the Ford with no insulation at all under my feet. Finally, after we got up over the summit and down a ways, I put on the brakes and pulled everybody to a halt. I said I wanted to thaw out my feet. They were more than numb by that time, and I have had quite a bit of trouble with the bottoms of my feet in cold weather. I figure I got a little frostbite. Anyway, I missed a half a day of school because it was twelve-thirty before we got home.

We had to improvise for our school recreation. There was originally no provision at all for any play equipment or anything of that nature. I remember one thing that was always popular. Flash floods had cut a channel diagonally down through the center of the public square. It was several feet deep. The townspeople had dug in a huge piece of railroad 'timber, sixteen inches wide by about twelve inches thick. In fact, they had two of those, I think thirty-two feet long, that

stretched across that flood channel we used as our slide. We would slide down the bank, cut a little groove there in the earth, and then just line up and go down that, sliding down the flood channel and circling around for another slide. There was just a continual string of those kids that were going down that slide in the flood channel. Then, of course, when that one wore too deep, we would start all over again in another place.

Another favorite pasttime was digging tunnels in the side of that channel. That was very unpopular with the city fathers because it eroded away the sides of the channel, and eroded away the soil for that matter. But they weren't always around to prevent us from doing it, and we would come from home with large spoons to dig tunnels. We would dig tunnels and then laterals. One of the boys got particularly ambitious and brought a huge mixing spoon to school and dug way back until he was entirely in under. The teacher came by supervising, and found him in there; they put a stop to it. Fortunately so; if there had been a cave-in it would have been just too bad.

We played "pomp-pomp pullaway," a tag game, and "steal sticks," was another favorite. Marbles came in for their season.

It was largely in marbles that a boy measured his wealth. We had quite a variety of marbles. There was the one we called the dough-babe which was the basic unit of exchange, made of molded clay. It figured as the unit one. We had a commie which was really nothing more than a dough-babe but with a glazed surface, and was worth two dough-babes. We had another one which came out a little speckled. I don't recall the name of that, but it was worth three. A glassie was worth four. That was generally just a clear glass. The smokie, or what is known today as the agate, was worth ten of the dough-babes.

We generally used those for taws or shooter marbles. The tops in value was the flint. The flint was so scarce that you just couldn't get them. If someone did trade them, we figured them of a value of twenty to twenty-five dough-babes. To find someone who would sacrifice that many units of value for one measure was almost as difficult to find as someone who would part with his flint.

The older boys during the spring of the year, of course, turned to baseball. Again, they had largely to improvise. I can remember when a baseball as such was non-existent. We had home made balls. I was very fortunate because I had the supply of string to draw on to make a baseball. I made a ball; it was a string ball. They served the purpose.

The high school building—it was a county high school— was built there in Panaca, in 1912. They were a little more fortunate in being provided with recreational equipment. They early entered into the game of basketball, and they had one basketball to play with.

I remember once when Las Vegas came up to play an interscholastic game, we brought out our ball and they brought out their ball to see which ball to play with. Our ball was so badly worn that it was lopsided, and Las Vegas had one that was far from being a new ball, but anyway it was in better shape, so we started on that. When the ball was completely worn out and had actually burst the seams and could not be used anymore, the high school turned it over to the elementary school. We would pool our resources—a nickel apiece from all of those who had it—take the ball down to an old Danish cobbler that repaired shoes and have him sew it up. It was still far from round, but it was something to play with. On one or two occasions, we acquired a volleyball in the same way. We would play volleyball over the wire fence around the school grounds. Of all the games, I think volleyball was my choice.

We played a lot of “leap frog.” A group of eight or nine boys would get in a row and just play “leap frog” all over town. “Spats and spurs” was something that we seemed to get some enjoyment out of. It has been many years since I have even thought of it. I have never seen it played anywhere else. For “spats and spurs” we would draw lots to see who would be down. The man that was down would bend over in the position for “leap frog” with his hands on his knees, and hold that position while the others jumped over him with various forms of approach. The first one was, to go over with hands—with both hands placed on the back. The next one would be hand; you would go over with one hand being placed on the back. The next one would go over with knucks; with both knucks digging into the back of the man on the ground. The next one was knuck; they would go over with one knuck. Then they would go over with a spat (a slap); give the man that was down a slap as he went over. The next one to go over would go over with kicks. If at any time one who was going over did anything wrong, if he failed to negotiate it in any of those passings, why, he had to get down and the one that had been down got to go to the head of the line. There was hands, hand, knucks, knuck, slap, kick, and then the next one was hats. You would take your hat or cap and as you went, you would place that on the back of the one who was down. As those hats piled up, it became increasingly difficult to get over. The one that knocked off a hat or failed to have his hat stay was the one that was down. If everyone successfully poked their hats on top, then they went over and picked up the hats. If they all succeeded in picking up the hats, then they put the hat in a reverse position on their forehead and as they went over they would see who could project it the farthest. Finally, if everyone got

over projecting their hat, then they chose the one with the least distance for the one to be down, and they started all over again.

Everything had its season. We had our season for “spats and spurs.” We would start it there when we first got there in the morning, we would play it at that time, we would remember who was down when it came to recess, and we would pick up where we left off.

School took up at nine o'clock in the morning, ran for three hours until twelve, took up again at one o'clock until four. The lower grades had shorter school days. The school bell mounted in the belfry at the top of the building would ring at eight-thirty. That was the first bell. It would ring again at ten minutes to nine, the second bell. At the third bell, we were to get in line and pledge allegiance to the flag and march in. The entrance was well regimented. We had a recess, fifteen minutes in length, from ten-thirty to ten forty-five. Again we would form to march in. The teachers generally gave us a marching step by means of a little tapped bell, although later one of the boys was gifted on the drum, and he could really make those drums roll. Then, we would line up and march according to the drum. When I was just a fifth or sixth grader I always wanted to beat that drum. One time the regular drummer was sick and couldn't be there, and so I got the teacher to let me beat the drum. I remember one of the teachers came by, looked at me, and said, “I thought that sounded a little different.” Now I know what she meant. It sounded a lot different, I think!

We always vied for an opportunity to ring the bell, too. The teacher finally broke it down to where we were assigned turns. The bell would ring for dismissal at recess and also to call us in. Our drinking supply was an irrigation ditch across the street. Let that recess bell ring, there was a run to that

irrigation ditch, and you would see that ditch just lined with heads dipped down to drink. As I say, we were a healthy lot.

At that time, we were visited regularly by the State Superintendent and the Deputy State Superintendent of Public Instruction. When that official came around, it was something new and something strange to have any visitor in the classroom. Everyone was on their best behavior, and everyone wanted to make a good impression. When I was in the seventh and eighth grade, Maude Frazier, later superintendent of Las Vegas schools, was the deputy. In fact, Miss Frazier got acquainted with me at that time.

At that time the State Department of Public Instruction sent out a state examination in certain subjects in the seventh grade and for all subjects in the eighth grade. We had to pass in those subjects or come close to it in order to qualify for our eighth grade diploma. So that was one thing that really kept us working, preparing for those prepared examinations. The teacher had a supply of the exams that had been used in previous years, and we would literally wear those out as we would go through and study those questions. We learned the names of the bones in the body for physiology, we studied geography intensively. Grammar, arithmetic, American history, everything. Then we devoted the last week of school to those examinations. We were a tense lot.

I remember that the teacher was very much concerned about me because of my close mark in grammar, and I was pretty much worried, too. She said she would give me a recommendation. After the papers were sent in (I think they were sent in on the last day of school; we had no graduation exercises or anything of that nature), in a matter of a few days, here came my diploma signed by Miss Frazier.

Going on into high school, I was still suffering from immaturity. I was in my class with students, with the exception of my cousin, who were all older than I was—some of them as much as two and one half years. I feel that that made a difference, not only academically but also socially; in fact, I know it made a difference socially. My cousin was more mature than I, and a more capable student, although ultimately, he did not retain the academic interests that I did. At any rate, he seemed to go along much better than I did; he was more mature socially. I didn't get along with the group. I would have gotten along with the next age group coming along behind.

In high school, I enrolled in a course in manual arts—or we called it shop—three years, as a freshman, as a sophomore, and as a junior. Our shop building hadn't been planned in the original construction, so they had rented the one vacant building in town that could be used, and that was the one that had been the old town saloon. It was just a shell of a building, but they put a big wood stove to heat it, a few benches, and some saws, planes, chisels, mallets, hammers, and so on, and they taught the rudiments of wood work. We had one teacher, though, who was an avid baseball fan. He taught math, shop, and did what coaching we had.

Because of his interest in baseball, he wanted to make the perfect baseball bat. He got a supply of ash in four-foot lengths and about three by three inches square and put on a lathe and turned out baseball bats. This, of course, was in the days before we had electricity so we had no motor power for a lathe, we had no water power or gasoline power, but we had manpower. We had boy-foot power. I think there were five places for five men to operate on a kind of a bicycle-treadle operated affair. That power was transferred to the lathe, so he had five of

us pretty well occupied while he sat up there at the chisel and turned out baseball bats. I attribute to that a good portion of my healthy leg development.

We turned out pieces of furniture of different types. My brother did some very fine work, turned out a library table and what we called a Morris chair. He also built the upholstery for it. The last year that I took shop we had more properly what was called farm shop. We did a lot of harness repair, in fact, a lot of leather work. He taught us how to half-sole shoes, how to make a harness, bridles, and on into some rawhide work under his tutelage.

Father gave me an old cowhide. I took that, and under the teacher's direction I dug a hole about a foot deep just about the size of the hide, laid the hide down in there flesh side down, and poured ashes over the hairy side, and then piled moist earth on that, and left it there for a few days. When we dug that up, the hair was sufficiently loosened that it just scraped off. We cleaned it up and trimmed it out and cut it to the proper size. I did quite a lot of braiding; I made a hackamore nose piece and several sets of bridle reins, braiding and plaiting in four strands and also in eight.

Of course, we got through algebra and geometry. There, I again felt my inadequacies, in maturity definitely, but part of it may have been lack of a serious attitude in the classroom. Anyway, I got behind, and decided that I was going to drop. In fact, I had my older brother in that class with me, and after we had been in the class just a matter of ten days or so, he recommended to my father that I drop. He sensed that it was going to definitely be over my head. By virtue of the fact that the recommendation came from him, I wasn't about to drop. I stayed on for several weeks until I made up my mind that I was in the wrong place definitely, and so I wanted to

drop. By that time he had changed his mind, but I dropped anyway. The next year I went back and I was much more satisfied with the work that I did. I was one year older, I was a junior, I was more interested really in learning the hard way.

I took Spanish the first year I was in high school. Then I skipped two years and picked up Spanish again. My Spanish teacher that time was Harold Brinley. Harold had graduated from the University of Utah. He had had one or two years of experience and came to Panaca. After I had gone on to the University, he was brought to Las Vegas as a science teacher.

That was one thing about Maude Frazier. She, as Deputy Superintendent of the Las Vegas schools, she was able to choose the best of all the teachers, and she built up a very effective staff in Las Vegas. She knew how to select her teachers through her acquaintance with them and her knowledge of their capabilities.

Anyway, Mr. Brinley taught and I took chemistry and Spanish from him, and when I came to Las Vegas to teach, I worked with him. I learned to have a great deal of respect for the man, for his ability and his sincerity, his dedication to education. Eventually, he became principal of the Las Vegas high school and then superintendent. He left the system for a matter of a few years to go into private business but came back again. Since the reorganization or the consolidation under the county unit plan, he has been with the personnel department of the Clark County School District.

He brought to Lincoln County a new method in teaching Spanish, known as the "direct method." Prior to that time, of course, everything had been done on a translation basis. Under the direct method, the goal was to teach the students to think in terms of the

language they were learning, rather than to think English and then Spanish, or Spanish and then English.

When I entered high school, it was a county high school and supposedly attracted students from all over the county, but it had a total enrollment of forty-five. The school board did the hiring. There was a high rate of turnover in the school administrators, the principals. Frequently, the principal would arrive just a day or two before school started to work with a faculty of which he had absolutely no knowledge. The school board had employed them without any professional guidance at all. If they had a faculty that was prepared to teach a full curriculum, they were very fortunate. As a general rule, we didn't know what the curriculum might be until the day school opened. We would have a faculty meeting to find out what the faculty was prepared to teach, and what they could prevail upon to teach. We generally had teachers that were prepared to teach English and history and math and science. So out of it all, they made a fair curriculum.

The population of the high school drew quite heavily on Pahrnagat Valley. It seemed that the people from Pioche preferred, those that were able, to send their students out of the state for their high school training. We, of course, got the people from Eagle Valley, Rose Valley, the various ranches around, and a few from Caliente. But during the earlier years, apparently there must have been a large percentage that just did not go on beyond the eighth grade.

To the younger class growing up, the association with the people from Pahrnagat Valley, Alamo, and Hiko was interesting. They were a class of people very comparable to the people in Panaca and with common interests. They sent some of their students

over to board at Panaca homes. Then, as the numbers became increased, it was common for them to choose a valley mother." They would come over and rent a house and she would be the mother for all, or most of the youngsters anyway, from that particular area. There were generally two or three such "mothers" from Pahrnagat Valley taking care and looking after the interests of the students of that area. There were a number of romances that grew up between the Meadow Valley people and the Pahrnagat Valley people. My older brother fell for one of the Pahrnagat Valley girls. And that leads up to another little festering point in my own life.

He liked to spend his time with her, much preferred to spend his time with her than home doing chores. When he didn't show up to do the chores, I had to fill in for him. I got to the point where I was doing a lot of yelling about it. On one occasion, he came home from school, took his .22 rifle and went hunting down through the fields. When he came back, he had shot himself right through the hand, right through the fleshy part of the hand, missing any bone. By that time we had acquired a Model T Ford and the roads were passable. We had to go to Caliente to get medical attention. Of course, as long as he was going, his girlfriend must go along with him. That sowed the seed in my mind that I have never gotten rid of that he must have done that on purpose. I think he probably convinced me in the last few years that it was accidental, but at least I argued with myself for a long time, because it freed him from milking for the duration of the healing. In fact, it turned out that it freed him from the milking for all time.

That romance was, however, discontinued after they graduated from high school. There were a number of boys and girls from the respective valleys that got together and developed very happy unions.

By the time I graduated from high school, the enrollment at the school had grown considerable because they were running a car or possibly two cars to Pioche, and likewise there were a number of cars transporting students from Caliente. Even so, our graduating class had dwindled considerably. There were nine of us in the class, seven boys, two girls. The two girls were both from Pahrnagat Valley, the seven boys from Panaca. I think you can probably guess who the valedictorian and salutatorian were, the two girls occupied the honored spots.

Following graduation from high school, I spent the summer working for my father. At the end of the summer, I had no other prospects, either for employment or education, and my parents felt that it would be nice for me to go back to school. I was not at all averse to it. In fact, I felt I had acquired an interest by that time in learning, and I felt that I could make up for some lost time by returning. So I went back and took some additional work in math; I enrolled in a class in economics (it was a new class being offered); I enrolled in physics, which had been offered prior to that time only spasmodically. I also took advantage of the principal's specialty in a class in French and also in public speaking. I thoroughly enjoyed the year. I was accorded a number of privileges that did not generally go to the undergraduate. On occasion, I was an assistant to a teacher, more of a flunky, probably, than anything else.

I enjoyed the principal's classes in public speaking; he was very well qualified in that. He taught debate, dramatics, general speech, and extemporaneous speaking. He annually prepared the team for the interschool competition in those fields. Every year, he sent the team to Reno to the University competition, and I don't believe

there was ever a year he didn't take the major part of the awards.

Anyway, I had the opportunity that year of (as I have already mentioned) opening up Cathedral Gorge, and on one occasion, President Walter E. Clark, at that time President of the University, came down. On this occasion the principal asked me to go with them and give them the tour of the gorge.

So I became acquainted with Dr. Clark. He was a very friendly, extrovert type, genuinely interested in the youth. In fact, he had come to visit the Lincoln County High School, looking for prospective students. So things worked out whereby when a scholarship opened up at the University, he contacted my principal and my principal asked me to put in for it. I was really a little bit hesitant—I was very hesitant—at doing so, because, again, small town life has many restrictions and limitations and one of those limitations was a misunderstanding, a general lack of understanding, you might say, of how things are done in the outside world.

Somehow or another, I got the impression that the scholarship was not the most highly favored thing in the world. I still can't understand it, except that a man was supposed to stand on his own two feet. Anyway, he convinced or taught me differently. When the application was due I was out of town; in fact I was out of town having some dental work done over a period of about two weeks. By the time I got back and got the application in, it was late. I don't know whether it would have done any good anyway; I rather expect that it wouldn't have, because I was up against some very good competition. It was the best scholarship that was being offered. The University of Nevada provided \$500 a year, which at that time was really more than enough than was required to see a person through a full year.

Anyway, Dr. Clark was still interested, and I got a telegram from him one day. The opening of the school year was approaching, and he said that he could arrange whereby I could get a loan of \$200 a year without interest. He had contacted the State Federation of Women's Clubs for the arrangement. That in itself would not have been sufficient; I still couldn't have gone to school. But that year I had a brother-in-law who was taking a teaching position in Sparks, and he was interested in seeing me go on. So he offered me a very attractive home at a very reasonable rate, if I wanted to take advantage of it. So I made up my mind that I would.

They were driving through, from Panaca to Sparks and transferring their home to that community. He had been offered the position there on the recommendation of Maude Frazier to George Dilworth, superintendent, that he, Quincy Keele, would be able to handle the discipline problems of his junior high school. He was given the position on the basis of that recommendation as a disciplinarian.

The university year had started before we left and I rode with them. We drove through; it took us three days to drive from Panaca to Sparks. I got enrolled in the University, and for one full semester I was sorry.

I was the greenest of little country boys in the city, in a world that was entirely different. I was lost. I was a country hick, and I looked and acted the part. One thing about it, I spent my time in the library. I had three weeks of work to make up. I had enrolled in five hours of Latin, three hours of American history under Jennie Wier, in chemistry, of course the traditional physical education, and ROTC. I don't recall offhand just what else I was taking, but a good full course.

I think it was in American history where I almost floundered, that is, I thought I was

floundering. Dr. Wier was very thorough. She prepared a detailed syllabus and she had almost an unlimited number of references. Of course, the class had received its instructions the three weeks preceding the time I got there. I went in and was told to just follow this and when I came to that list of references my assumption was that I was supposed to read them all. So I just about not only drowned, but smothered in that library reading those references. I had never been taught to take notes; I knew that I had to take notes, so they were quite copious.

I found myself wishing repeatedly that I could just wake up and find that it was a bad dream, find myself back home. But I floundered through and got my beatings and finally learned I was expected to read only one of the references listed on the syllabus. The second semester was not nearly so bad.

One class that I took was philosophy, deductive logic, under Professor R. C. Thompson. He was the father of Judge Bruce Thompson and Judge Gordon Thompson. A wonderful man and a wonderful teacher, a very fine person, interested in young people. I got to talking with him one day and it came out where I was from. Well, he had been to Panaca. He had been assigned there to pass on the accrediting for Lincoln County High School when they first applied for that recognition. He had always wanted to go back. When he said he had been there, I remembered, because at that time the principal was renting a house on our lot, and he had brought Dean Thompson down to dinner. He had previously made arrangements for my sister to cook the meal or it may have been his wife that had made the arrangements for her to do the cooking. Anyway, that was when I was a small boy; I just vaguely remembered him.

Anyway, he would be interested in going back and, well, Dean Thompson made graduation speeches for the high school groups. My Dad was the president of the school board and the principal was this man I was in very good with. So it was just a matter of writing a letter, and I had a ride home after school was out. It was an enjoyable ride, and we made it back in two days. We made it to Ely the first day and on down to Panaca the next day. Of course, both Dean Thompson and Mrs. Thompson went along. They stayed at our home for several days. We got very well acquainted.

When I got home Dad had a job lined up for me. The County Commissioners had authorized the drilling of a well in Cathedral Gorge and he had set it up for me to assist Ralph Olinghouse on the project. Ralph, since that time, has served for many years as Lincoln County Assessor. At that time, he had a drilling rig and we went to work. Ralph paid me the unheard of wage of \$1.50 an hour. While we were broken down more than we were working, I didn't lose any time, because Dad needed the help on the farm. Nevertheless, I got in enough hours so that I went back to school in a pretty good financial state.

Along with the loan that I was getting from the women's organization, I got by very well, living still with my sister and brother-in-law. Anyway, I was really enthusiastic about getting back to school that year. My attitude changed, I had acquired a little self-confidence, I had made friends.

When I first went to the university, my mother had cautioned me not engage in any of the rough sports, particularly football. All that we knew about football was what we had heard, and she knew that it was rough and that it was dangerous. So I wasn't supposed to play football. The second year, I got by without

Mother holding me to any commitments to any activities. So I went out for football. That football looked really great but, of course, I went in cold. I was competing with people who had been playing and knocking around with the ball all their lives. But I really enjoyed it as I went into it. They had one man that was imported as a guard. He was a heavy-set young fellow, and he had a reputation from high school as being quite a football man. They pitted me against him. After I had had a few instructions on charging and what not, I guess I made it a little embarrassing for him, because I charged him with all that I had and took him out, and consistently so.

Coach Buck Shaw really tore that guy to pieces, letting a little country hick come up and push him around that way. It didn't do me too much good because, that is, I didn't influence him, because I had never been on a football field before.

Playing around, the first thing that happened to me was I failed to dodge somebody's elbow and they hit me in the mouth, jarring the tooth that held my bridgework. I figure that that was the cause of eventually losing that bridgework.

The next thing that happened, though, was that I ran into somebody with my thumb pointing the wrong way. I took it to the doctor and he sensed that it was broken. He put a splint on it without, however, effectively resetting it. But before he put the splint on it, I was out on that football field again, running to catch a pass. I came down—it was off the field—with my toe in the hole that had been used by a track man as a starter the previous season. That was before they had track starting blocks. Just about that time, somebody hit me and there went my ankle.

I hopped off the field and turned in my uniform. I quit football because I was going around with my thumb in splints, my ankle in

a cast, of course on crutches, for several weeks. Anyway, that slowed up my football career in a hurry. My ankle was stiff even several years beyond my college career. I was able to devote more time to my studies in any case, and went on and finished that year.

I enjoyed my ROTC work because it gave me an opportunity to go out for the rifle team. I never got over my youthful enthusiasm for shooting. The first year I was high place man on the team, so when I came back the second year the ROTC captain said, "Well, Edwards, as long as you were high place man last year, you be captain this year." So I was captain every year. We carried on postal matches with teams all over the country. We didn't win too many, but we had a lot of fun shooting and I got in pretty good with the military department, with the sergeant in charge of materiel. When we wanted to go hunting, it was easy to get a rifle and also to get ammunition. In fact, the sergeant himself liked to go out, and we frequently went out together. We used to go out on Washoe Lake with those high powered rifles. The geese were generally way out in the middle of the lake, but we had a lot of fun shooting at them anyway.

When I went to the University, I think probably one of the big shocks I had was seeing my first trolley car. I had seen trolley cars in the movies and they were always silent. I had visualized them as absolutely silent. Then, to see that little Toonerville affair that ran between Sparks and Reno clanking along and making a genuine racket, I was very much disappointed in trolley cars.

As I lived in Sparks and went to school in Reno, I became very well acquainted with the trolley or street car. I would generally catch it early enough in the morning to make a seven forty-five class. As I recall, tickets were ten cents a ride, although we got special rates in buying a book. It was just about three-quarters

of the time that we were able to catch a ride, particularly on the way back. We would stand on the corner and wait for the trolley car to come along. Of course, there was considerable automobile traffic between Reno and Sparks at that time as well as today, and when we were recognized as students, we were readily picked up. The trolley ran for only two years. After I went up it was discontinued sometime in 1927, I think, and replaced by busses. We used to have a lot of fun on the trolley cars even if it wasn't a lot of fun riding them.

I was impressed at the University, as I think most people are, by the caliber of men that associated themselves with the University. I mentioned that I enrolled in my first year in a five-hour course in Latin taught by Dr. J. E. Church. Of course, Dr. Church had made for himself an international reputation as a snow scientist or meteorologist. I knew him during the time he was coming to be recognized in this field. Of course, I knew him in an entirely different capacity, that of a classics professor.

As a classics professor, as an instructor, a teacher of youth, I think I have never met anyone his peer. He was a thoroughly humble man. He had an understanding and appreciation for humanity, and at the same time he was a man who held to standards. He was one who encouraged and inspired students to do everything they could by the example that he set for them. I think that the physical fortitude that he showed in his battling the wilds of Mt. Rose and the terrific storms that he faced on that mountain was expressed in other ways in other aspects of his character; he was just as strong a character in everything that he undertook. As a teacher, as I say, I think he had no peer. I think I can say that he had a great influence on my life as an example, as an ideal.

It was during my second year there, however, that he was loaned to the University

of Michigan, his old alma mater, to further their studies of meteorology and the influence that the ice cap of Greenland had on weather conditions in the northern United States. In order to get to Greenland he had to go to Denmark to get a boat to Greenland as that island was a province of Denmark. They were the only ones who had occasion to go to Greenland, so in order to get a ship to Greenland, they went to Denmark and then back.

He was generally conscientious in class to discuss nothing but subject matter. On occasions when we did break down, he told us some very interesting stories of his experiences journeying out onto the ice cap with a lone Eskimo companion, the winter that he spent there, his journey out and so on. Since that time he went on to great international fame because of the contribution that he made in the field of snow survey.

Another professor that I found to be inspiring was Professor Silas Feemster. Old Professor Feemster had a lot of very peculiar eccentricities. Because of those eccentricities, he was a joke among a lot of the people on campus. Unfortunately, I think the engineering students were required to take a course in United States Constitution and it generally devolved on Professor Feemster to give it. Because it was a required course on their part, it was largely resented, and because of the Professor's eccentricities I don't believe the engineering students could appreciate, really, what he had to offer. Anyway, they tended to make a farce of the course.

One thing that I did notice was that graduate students really flocked to Professor Feemster for their work in his field, the field of political science or ancient history. I had a number of courses with him and it was very seldom that he would ever mention in class a reading assignment that he had given us.

Again I felt that that was what a University was for. He inclined to give us in class that which he felt was not available to us on our own, and some of the things that he brought out, I have just never found a source for, myself. He was a profound student. He was a profound thinker, an original thinker, and he gave a lot to those who were willing to take it.

The fact that Professor Feemster would come to school without a collar or tie, that his socks were mismatched, or possibly his shoes untied, didn't bother him and it didn't bother me. He was quite typical of absent-minded teachers whose minds are above mundane things of life.

University life was entirely different from anything I had expected or experienced before. There were the barbaric initiations and the rites tending to occupy a place in student life. There was one that went rather rough with me. It was the first football game of the season and the first football game that I had ever experienced. The sophomores were out to degrade the freshmen as much as possible. Between halves they came out on the field, leading a donkey with the numerals of the freshman class, '29, painted on the animal in green.

That was just the challenge that the freshmen were waiting for, and they made a rush to carry the animal off the field. The sophomores were there to bring him onto the field. The donkey was in the middle. I got in next to the animal and got hold of his ear. Others had ahold of various other parts on both sides. He was being pushed from both sides, and the donkey undoubtedly became irritated. For some reason, I let go of the donkey's ear and he reached down and took hold of the calf of my leg with his teeth. In spite of my efforts to get away, the donkey had other ideas. He pulled my feet from under me, let me down under that

milling horde. All the time I was fighting to get on my feet and to get away from him. It looked rather dark, I had just about given up hope. When I saw a human leg above me, I grabbed it and got some attention. The owner helped me to my feet. The others saw my predicament. The freshmen took ahold of me, the sophomores took ahold of the donkey. Instead of being a pushing match, it became a tug of war. Fortunately the calf of my leg was tight enough and large enough that his jaws were just about locked over it and beyond the point of strong leverage, beyond the biting stage, anyway. They finally pulled us apart. Of course, as my leg was pulled from between the donkey's teeth and the muscle badly bruised. In any case, I was free of marching in ROTC for several days until the swelling went out of that leg.

During my second year, I have already mentioned the rough treatment I got on the football field. While I was still tied up in splints on the hand and leg, I went home one day and found a quarantine sign on my brother-in-law's home. He had the diphtheria. I thought the world was pretty well against me when I had to take out and find a new place to live.

Also I had just hardly got off my crutches until I got up one morning and had a terrific swelling in my upper jaw. My sister looked at it and tried to diagnose it, but decided I better go see a dentist. He x-rayed my mouth and told me that the big incisor on which all that bridgework depended was ulcerated. There was one treatment for that, and that was to have it out. I went home that night with just another big blank void in my mouth. Of course, that was also embarrassing to go back to school that way. The dentist had to let the gums heal and set again before he would go into further action. I was going around there feeling pretty sorry for myself. I did notice,

too, after that, the improvement in my mouth, a great improvement to my health because I had just been having a cold all the time. In fact that year, too, I had the mumps. I got a partial plate replacement and that served for three or four more years.

At the end of my second year, there were no prospects of any gainful employment at home, so I determined to see if I could find work there in the Washoe meadows somewhere. Of course, I figured the only thing I was qualified for was farm work, so I made a tour of the ranches in the area. About the only encouragement I got was to "come back when the crops were maturing;" they might be able to use me.

I finally wound up my search down at the Pacific Fruit Express Company on the railroad yards in Sparks. I did get encouragement, but they said there would be nothing available until the fruit rush began; then I could have all the work I wanted. Later I found out that was true, literally, but no one wanted to say just when the rush would begin. I was led to believe that it would begin a lot sooner than it did, but anyway, I went back with the resolve to start out looking for something. That evening, a foreman came by and told me to report for work the next day, that they had an opening. I went down and they put me on.

The Pacific Fruit Express Company is engaged in transporting the vegetable and fruit products from California to the East. They had the PFE cars which were generally known as the "reefer" heavily insulated and equipped on either end with large bunkers to hold ice to provide the cooling or refrigeration required for the produce. The trains hauling these cars, after being loaded, come over the Sierra Nevada mountains and down into the valley. By that time the original load of ice had pretty well melted, and it was necessary to re-ice at Sparks, or in that vicinity. They had

established a large ice plant and storehouse there at the Sparks depot for this purpose.

The work they had for me at that time was in the ice production department, “pulling the ice,” they called it; taking the ice after it had been formed in the brine, removing it from the cans, running it into the area where it would be either stored or directed out onto the deck for immediate use. One of the two engaged in that work had given notice that he was leaving, so they took me in to train me in that work.

It was one of the most confusing jobs that I ever tried to learn. The heavy part of it, weight lifting and so on, was done by electric cranes, but there were a number of switches to operate. There was the switch to direct the crane forward and backward, and then switches that would direct the immediate weight of the ice or water can laterally along the crane. We would pull the crane in; each crane carried six cans of ice, each can or cake weighing about 300 pounds. We would run that into compartments designed as receptacles for the individual cans, tip that, and then turn warm water on it to release the ice from the can. The ice would then pass down a chute and into the storage compartment. We would then straighten the cans up, fill them with pre-cooled water and take them back out to set them into the empty compartments in the brine.

I know that I gave the experienced help a lot of enjoyment in seeing the gyrations that I went through in trying to pull the proper switch and line the cans up. They seemed to really enjoy it when I got a good dousing by dropping a can or something of the sort. Anyway, after a couple of weeks of that, I was pretty well versed and they told me that the man had changed his mind about leaving and they were going to have to lay me off for a couple of days.

They still didn’t say when the fruit rush was going to begin, but they felt that it was imminent, and so I haunted the place. Finally, they got tired of seeing me just hanging around doing nothing, so they put me to work, first as a blacksmith helper.

A blacksmith played a very prominent part in the work around there, particularly in the sharpening of the tools that were used. In icing the cars, they used an ice pick adapted for either pushing the ice or pulling it. It was also used for chopping the blocks in half. The ice was fed into the bunkers in halt cakes, and then it was chopped into small pieces by a long fork-like bar that was sharpened for that purpose. The job paid a fairly welcome wage of 45¢ an hour and straight time for overtime. Working for twenty-four hours around the clock I could make, if I had the chance—and later I did—\$10.80 a day.

One of the interesting aspects of the job was the type of worker that I got acquainted with. The employee roster was made up largely of Greeks, Italians, with an occasional Albanian or Armenian thrown in. There was also one Frenchman. Some of them talked a fair amount of English. They all could express themselves one way or another in English, but it was generally in profanity. Very few of them had any family life at all and they lived for payday. Payday meant going to Reno and going on a big drunk, blowing themselves primarily in that way. They would come back Monday, partially sobered, ready to go to work and start all over again. The bosses were, however, of a different type. I appreciated them all the more.

One thing about it, they all seemed to take pretty well to me although I didn’t talk their language. Several of them came to me privately and told me that if I needed any money to go to school, they would be willing to help me. They lived for the greater part in

a company bunkhouse. Later when the rush of produce came over, everyone lived in the bunkhouse.

When that rush came, it was a rush. We would no sooner complete icing one train than there would be another one pulling in on the other side of the icing deck, or might be even waiting for us. So it was just a matter of going up one side of that icing deck and down the other. When it wasn't so rushing, there were always a few cars coming through on express trains that needed to be iced most any hour of the night. The bosses were very gracious in giving me the special opportunity of getting out in the middle of the night in order to do that. Lots of times it required only about ten minutes work to ice a car, yet I would get credit for an hour's work. Other times they would expect a train in shortly; it would not be worth checking out for, so I would stay out in the deck. Even if it took three or four hours before the train came in, it was all to my advantage.

There was another fringe benefit in connection with the job working for the Pacific Fruit Express Company. It was operated through Southern Pacific. Southern Pacific gave the workers passes on the road that would also entitle them to half fare on other lines. When Christmas rolled around, they had very graciously kept me on the payroll during the last few months. I would go down on Saturdays and put in a few hours so I could stay on the payroll. They gave me a pass on the Southern Pacific from Sparks to Ogden. I then took the Union Pacific from Ogden to Caliente and was able to spend the Christmas holidays at home at relatively little expense. There were two different occasions, the Christmas season my junior year and the Christmas season my senior year, I was able to get a ride home. That was much more comfortable than going by automobile,

although just about as long. It took me just about thirty-six hours to make the trip one way.

I made it pay off, too, in the summer at the end of my junior year. I had continued on with advanced ROTC training and that required a six-week period during the summer in a camp at the Presidio in Monterey, California. The government would pay our fare both ways at the rate of five cents a mile. They paid my fare from my home to Monterey at that rate, which gave me a break. Then I got the pass on the railroad from Sparks down at no cost. They also paid us an allowance while we were there, and then the return trip. So when I got to figuring it up, I made money on the deal and had a very enjoyable summer. In fact, it was one of the best vacations I ever had.

While we were regimented in the Presidio camp so far as the work we had, we had a lot of time on our hands and we got out and just had a lot of fun. It was my first experience, on the coast, and we did a little fishing, a lot of swimming. We toured the Seventeen-Mile Drive, near Cannel-by-the-Sea.

As far as the ROTC was concerned, I enjoyed that part of it, too, and when I got back at the end of the summer and walked down into the military department in the basement of old Stewart Hall, I thought that Colonel Ryan was going to hug me. Anyway, he was very cordial in his reception and congratulated me on being one of the three to receive the highest rating in camp that summer.

That year, the senior year, I was elected by the advanced students as the president of the military social club, Saber and Chain. They had been planning for some time to make application for membership in the national honorary military association, Scabbard and Blade, and as president of the organization, it devolved on me to work up the application. I

did, and it was accepted, but I was not there to receive it.

At the end of my first semester of my fourth year, I lacked just one unit of having enough credits to meet the graduation requirements. I enrolled, however, in another sixteen units, but expected to more or less just coast on through and really enjoy my graduating semester. We had hardly re-enrolled in the last semester. I was doing practice teaching at the time. Dean Traner came in. I figured that he was there just to supervise me, but as soon as class was over, he came up and said that he had a job for me. Well, I didn't know what he had in mind, so he showed me a telegram from Maude Frazier, Superintendent of Schools in Las Vegas to him. As I recall it read, "Can you send us Elbert Edwards for junior high position?"

I had a brother who had gone through school ahead of me. He graduated from high school, and at that time it was customary for the different counties to offer their own teacher training; they called it "normal school" training. They provided a teacher qualified presumably to train teachers. The county board of education would bring them in and make instruction room available in connection with the county high school activities. At the end of the year, the students were given a limited teaching certificate. After he (my brother) had graduated from high school, with nothing else to occupy his time, he had taken this normal school course, and been granted a teacher's certificate. He had taught there in Panaca, fifth and sixth grades, one year. At the end of that year, he had left to serve on the church mission in the central states for two years. He had returned, I think in 1927, and had found a position in a little one teacher school down in Meadow Valley Wash, a few miles from Caliente on the Henry ranch. Miss Frazier at that time was

Deputy Superintendent, and was his one and only supervisor. She became acquainted with his work, she liked it and so she had offered him a job in Las Vegas when she became Superintendent. He felt the need, however, of training over and above what he had. He had a family at this time, a wife and one child.

In late 1928, Las Vegas had realized a dream of many years, the promised construction of the Boulder Dam by virtue of the signing of the Swing-Johnson Bill. That created such boom in Las Vegas, my brother was immediately offered a new position in a bank, the First State Bank. It looked to him more promising than teaching, so he had secured a release from his contract, provisional on them getting another teacher. So I had pressure from two ways, they wanted me, and he needed me to take that position for him.

I was reticent about accepting it, but Dean Traner himself felt that it was a real opportunity. Jobs were very scarce. It was just before the stock market crash anyway, and the economic situation in the country was very tight. I finally accepted it. I was qualified for a junior high certificate, although I hadn't yet received or qualified for my Bachelor's degree. Anyway, I accepted the position and, of course, caught up with the required credits for graduation at summer school the next summer. Anyway, that took me to Las Vegas. I arrived to take over the new position on February 11, 1929.

I might say, too, before I leave the University entirely that during my junior year, second semester, my former high school principal, C. W. Price had brought up from Lincoln County another forensic team, a debate team and extemporaneous speaker or two, dramatic readings and a one act play. Of course, I always enjoyed them; I always enjoyed renewing my acquaintance with him.

He was a very personal and affable friend. I always enjoyed seeing the kids from my old home town, too.

There was one that came along that I had known when she was just a very little girl; she was the darnedest, peskiest little girl you ever saw. Then she was the cutest high school girl you ever saw, and so I had a lot of fun visiting with the team and particularly with Mary Reid. I never forgot her. When I went home for Christmas as a senior, I looked up and dated Mary Reid, and I kept on looking her up whenever I was around.

She graduated from high school in 1929, and got a scholarship to Dixie College, so she went over there for a year and got acquainted with some of my competition. A year after that, she attended the University of Utah. We didn't make contact too frequently until she came home.

Her home was in Caliente, although incidentally, she had been born in Panaca. Her parents lived in Las Vegas at one time. Panaca was the childhood home of her mother, but she lived in Las Vegas for several years, 1912 to about 1917, when her parents moved up into Utah, trying to find a climate that was more healthful for Mary. They settled in Cedar City briefly, from there to Beaver, back to Cedar City, over to Pioche, and finally settled in Caliente. Her father was a barber.

Anyway, at the end of her second year at college at the University of Utah, I happened to be spending the summer in Panaca, and we became very well acquainted. In September of that year, 1932, we were married.

MY CAREER IN LAS VEGAS VALLEY

I will always remember the shock when I got off the train in Las Vegas. I had left Reno experiencing quite a heavy winter, the temperatures running about five degrees below zero. I had taken the Southern Pacific railroad down through the San Joaquin Valley, down to Yermo, where I had transferred to the Union Pacific, and by Union Pacific to Las Vegas. I got off the train in Las Vegas and felt a blast of cold air that I still shudder from. The temperature wasn't so low, but that wind it was biting. Temperatures were running in Las Vegas at that time about freezing, and I froze along with it. The wind was so penetrating. Las Vegas was just breaking out of its shell as a relatively small, sleepy desert railroad town. It had come into existence in 1905, at the time of the coming of the railroad, and had gradually built up to just about what the railroad, and the needs of the country, would justify. The town, I would imagine, had about 4,000 people.

During the years, the local political and economic leaders had realized the potential in the damming of the Colorado River. For

many years, they had been working to that end with our national legislators. This had been realized in 1928, with the signing of the Swing-Johnson bill. Of course, it had been sponsored by the California legislators in the interest of the power companies of southern California and the city of Los Angeles, which felt the need for a supply of water.

The bill was justified on a national scale, first from the point of view of flood control. The threat of the flooding Colorado River to the Imperial Valley and agricultural regions in southern California had been realized in 1909, when the river had jumped its bank and had flooded the valley, forming the Salton Sea. In any case, Las Vegas now was beginning to realize what it was going to do for them, and they began to get ready for the rush that was bound to come.

Las Vegas at the time was a small town. It was bounded on the east by a few houses on Sixth Street. The town basically did not extend easterly farther than Fifth Street, but a few had burst over down on to Sixth Street, and a few dwellings had been constructed

there. It extended south about as far, I think, as Gass Avenue, north as far as Mesquite. It was bounded on the west by the railroad, although there was a community we referred to as Westside on the west side of the track. In fact, this community was far enough away from the center of town and had a population that justified a small elementary school on its own. I think the first six grades were held there.

Las Vegas was the site of the, well, I was going to say the county high school, but it wasn't the county high school, although it had originally been a county school. In 1921, the settlements in the Moapa and Virgin Valleys, namely Overton, St. Thomas, Logandale, Bunkerville, and Mesquite, had asked for their own school district. That school district, known as Educational District No. 1, and which composed the northeastern section of the country, had then been organized by the legislature, leaving all of the rest of the county to constitute Educational District No. 2, with Las Vegas as the school center for that area. I might point out, too, that Educational District No. 1, was a unified school district; that is, comprising elementary, and high school instruction. Educational District No. 2, was organized for high school only.

There were individual elementary school districts scattered out throughout the county. There was school district No. 12, for Las Vegas. There was a school district at Arden, another one at Sloan, another at Goodsprings, another at Indian Springs, at Nelson, or El Dorado, and at Searchlight. There were probably a few other small districts also, along the railroad. I cite that here to point out the relationship between the high school and elementary school districts. Educational District No. 2 and the Las Vegas elementary school district were operated and administered by the same school board and the same superintendent.

Getting back to Las Vegas as I found it in 1929, Fremont Street was the only street with paving. As I recall, that extended from main Street to Fifth Street. Fremont Street between Fourth and Fifth was at that time also made up exclusively of homes. There were some very nice homes along there. Utilities on the whole were, according to present day standards, quite primitive. They used coal for heating, but because of the excessive heat during a good part of the year, they did most of their cooking with kerosene stoves.

There was no cooling as such. People did have oscillating fans, but the air movement was about the only relief they could get unless they were also fortunate in having a basement. Basements were very few in the community because of the nature of the ground.

Normally the soil of the Las Vegas area was very shallow. You would go down a matter of eighteen to forty inches, you would find a hard pan of gypsum. That was very difficult to excavate.

Relief from the heat was also found by those fortunate enough in being able to have cabins in Charleston Mountains. Kyle Canyon had been pretty well developed by those in a position to do it. The men of the community would move their families up there for the summer and they would try and spend weekends there, seeking relief from the heat. Those who were less fortunate spent as much time out of doors as they could. The Union Pacific Park and the county courthouse grounds providing the only expansive lawn sections in that town, they were generally fully occupied in the late spring, summer and early fall months.

Las Vegas had some very enterprising civic leaders. One that stands out in my memory was Ed Clark. Ed Clark was a very interesting character, an outstanding man in many respects. It is interesting to know

that his father was the first sheriff of Storey County. He was affiliated, I understand, with George Hearst. His father died before Ed was born, in San Jose, California. After he was born, his mother moved to Pioche; in fact, he was just a matter of a few months old at that time. He was raised in Pioche, his mother making her living by running a small hotel. Ed grew up there and early became interested in the cattle industry.

He spread out from there and operated a freight line between Milford—which was the end of the railroad—into Pioche. Then as the railroad was extended south, he moved his seat of operations along with it, and when Senator Clark of Montana, the copper king, became a factor in the railroad, Ed became very friendly with him. In fact, too friendly, because when the Harriman interests came into conflict with Clark, Ed was on the wrong side. When his seat of operations was in Caliente and they were having so much trouble there, he was called into the office of Harriman, the Union Pacific interest, and told that this county was not big enough for both, and that he better move. Ed was good politician, and at that time he was a good friend of Senator George Nixon. He got an appointment as postmaster for Caliente, and being a federal official then, he was beyond touch of the railroad interests. When the line was extended on to Las Vegas, he went with it and set up his seat of operations in Las Vegas as the Clark Forwarding Company.

Ed Clark was in partnership with another very fine man, a former resident of Panaca, E. E. Ronnow. The two formed a very interesting partnership. They were partners throughout their lives, although Ed was a very devout Catholic and E. E. Ronnow was an equally devout Mormon. Not only were they partners in business, but Ed lived in the Ronnow home throughout his life.

Ed branched out into practically every field of economic development in Las Vegas. He served as county clerk, and before that he was instrumental in the separation of Clark from Lincoln County. After that, he was elected to the office of county clerk. He later became interested in banking. He also had interest in the Las Vegas Power Company, and the telephone company. He was a very friendly man, interested in everything political.

There is an interesting story told about Ed after he had taken over as President of the First State Bank. The First State Bank was the forerunner of what is now the First National Bank. It was after the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt, during that period when banks were going broke, closing their doors all over the United States. It was one of his friends, I think he was a member of the state legislature, had a forewarning on Friday evening of the presidential announcement of the closing of all banks. Anyway, this information was telephoned to Ed. He, in turn, got on the telephone and called a personal friend in the Federal Reserve Bank in San Francisco and said to him in words to this effect: "I want you to do something for me, and I want your promise that you will do it. I want you to go to the bank tomorrow morning and before you open your mail, before you do anything, send me every dollar of credit that we could possibly have in the Federal Reserve Bank. Will you do that?"

Well, he got the promise and the money was sent. Anyway, the bank accounts were closed. That is, the customers couldn't draw on it. Monday morning there was a lot of hysteria or concern in Las Vegas about the situation. A crowd formed in front of the door; they couldn't do anything about it, but they wanted to see for themselves.

Anyway, when the doors of the bank were opened, there was Ed Clark, his usual

suave, smiling self. Ed was a good looking man, too, a handsome man, and he had the most delightful, friendly smile. He invited them in. There was that money, hundreds of thousands of dollars piled on that counter. There was a man standing over in the corner with a shotgun, standing guard. Ed says, "Your money is o.k. You can have it. It is here for you waiting." Real showmanship. Anyway, that took care of the situation, and the First State Bank, also. Of course, it was under different management then, but it was the same bank that weathered the panic of 1907 very beautifully.

There were a number of other people who were leaders. Harley Harmon was a very interesting character. Harley was just a natural politician. He liked people. One of the most friendly people you ever knew, he would talk with you on any subject, and he never missed a chance to make a speech. If two people got together, Harley had to make a speech. He was a good lawyer. He came here originally as a fireman on the railroad, but he was interested in people rather than in things, and so it didn't take him long to get away from the railroad and get into local politics. He served for many years as district attorney for Clark County.

Harley made a very imposing appearance. He wasn't a big man; he was rather short and stocky, and he wore a pair of heavy-rimmed glasses, which was unusual in those days. There were the kind that just slipped down over your nose. He had it tied down with a ribbon to his lapel and he would take those glasses off when he got before the jury, and he would wave those glasses around and put them back on his nose; very dramatic.

Dave Farnsworth was county auditor and recorder when I came to the area. He came into the country almost as early as the railroad. He came from the Midwest, and was

brought in as a bank clerk for the bank that was being established in Caliente. Dave has told me that he had quite a reception. Coming into Caliente, there had been a washout on the railroad so they had to hike in the last ten miles. He came in, dressed pretty much as a dude, according to western standards. He wore a derby hat. He was dressed in a suit, which was unusual for those times and places. After hiking in ten miles through the mud, he put in an appearance at Federman's Store. Federman was the president of the proposed bank. Dave presented himself to Federman and told him he was Dave Farnsworth, the banker. He said that Federman just broke into a riotous laugh. "He pointed his finger at me," he says, "You, Dave Farnsworth, you, the banker?" Dave of course, at that time had just the appearance of a kid anyway. In his muddy clothes and his derby hat and so on, he did present a rather ridiculous appearance.

William E. Orr was district judge at the time. He was a native of Pioche. He had, I think, attended the University of Nevada in 1898, but had suffered an injury that had crippled him for life. In any case, he wasn't able to go back to school. He had taken up the study of law, just more or less reading law on his own.

Henry Lee, who at that time was county recorder for Lincoln County, told me that he encountered Bill Orr on the street one day and wanted to know how things were going. Bill wasn't too encouraged about it. He had trouble finding a place to study. Henry said, "Well, you come up to the courthouse. I'll fix you up a place to study." Bill Orr learned his law there. After Bill became a practicing attorney, he was elected as district judge here. After serving several years as local district judge he was appointed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco. He

was active as a practicing judge up until the time of his death, just a short time ago. He served there for many, many years.

Sam Gay was the sheriff. Sam Gay was a man that looked the part. I guess Sam was 6'0" one way, and 6'4" the other. He was a big man. He had a hand that was twelve by twelve anyway. I know I have seen him handle a .44 six-shooter, and he seemed to just palm that .44 six-shooter with its six-inch barrel. He was another very fine politician. He was always politicking. When he was out after a criminal, or investigating crime, he was still the most friendly man in town, and it seemed that he never had any trouble getting elected.

Pop Squires came in with the original settlers and he, of course, became editor of the *Las Vegas Age*. He was influential in protecting, looking out for Nevada rights, and the Colorado River water rights settlements during meetings with the representatives of the southern Basin states.

Bert Henderson, another practicing attorney, grew into a lawyer from a school-teaching career. He had taught in Panaca; in fact, he taught my mother-in-law up there, among others.

C. L. Horsey was another attorney. He had been located in Pioche during the earlier days, the days before there was a Las Vegas. He had been one who had bitterly opposed the separation of Clark County from Lincoln. After Clark County became established, and Las Vegas began to grow, Pioche on the other hand went into a period of borrasca. He moved to Las Vegas and his family has been making quite a contribution to Las Vegas community and politics.

The McNamees are a very interesting family. Leo McNamee was born in Eureka. His father before him was an attorney. His brother Frank, until recently the Chief Justice of the

Nevada Supreme Court, was born in Delamar in Lincoln County, at that time the thriving gold camp of Nevada. There are other leading citizens, but it is impossible, of course, to give a complete rundown.

There was one very interesting social organization here in Las Vegas, formed very early in the history of the town. It was the Mesquite Club, a ladies organization, locally formed and locally chartered and a very fine service and cultural organization. It was made up originally of old-timers, and they have been replaced by newcomers, because they just passed out the picture.

The Elks Lodge was prominent. The Eagles played an important part in the early organization. The Masons were a significant organization. And, of course, the railroad organizations. Rotary Club was formed in Las Vegas, I think, in 1923, it has been a going group ever since. Of course, since that time there have been many such groups formed.

When we speak of the school system, we can't talk about the school unless we think of Maude Frazier. She didn't take over as Superintendent in Las Vegas until '27. Prior to that time, in the very beginning, she came to Nevada first as a teacher at Genoa. She transferred from there to Goldfield in its heyday. She was in Goldfield when there were five different schools in that city. She was conversant with the railroad travel between Las Vegas and Goldfield, and from Goldfield on to Tonopah, and from Tonopah on into the northern part of the state. After Goldfield—I don't know the years—she taught in Sparks for quite some time. Then she came from Sparks to Las Vegas to take the deputy superintendency of the southern supervisonal district. Prior to that time, I think that the position had been held by men, and the men thought that the position and all that it called for was pretty

rugged. Miss Frazier got herself a Dodge runabout. She equipped that with a shovel, a water can and an extra gas can. I don't know just what she might have provided in the way of other emergency items, but undoubtedly she had emergency rations, and I imagine a bedroll along with it, when she took off into the desert.

I read at one time, a news item from Washington, D. C., in which Maude Frazier was quoted while she was in attendance at an NEA meeting. She was interviewed and cited as a frontier school superintendent who—I think it gave the square mileage, around 35,000 square miles—was expected to cover the Nevada wilderness. She was quoted as saying that she never carried a gun, because there was an unwritten law in Nevada that protected an unarmed person. She made quite an impression back there.

I remember as a student, she always made an impression on us too. I have mentioned before that she was Deputy Superintendent while I was passing through the grades between the seventh and the twelfth. In fact, when I was taking that post-graduate course she gave me the first I. Q. test I ever had. In fact, it was the first I. Q. test that was administered in the county.

She had an opportunity, of course, when she went visiting the various schools of Clark County, Lincoln County, southern Nye County, and Esmeralda County, to get acquainted with the various teachers. When she became superintendent of the Las Vegas city schools, she brought in those that she had identified as good teachers. Among those was K. O. Knudsen, who had been the principal of the schools in Caliente for many years. I have mentioned Harold J. Brinley as one. Harold had been brought in as a science and

math teacher. He was also, before the days of counselors, one who always had time to counsel with the kids.

Here a while back, it was reported to me that Time Magazine had quite an article on the Clark County schools under Superintendent Newcomer, and what Superintendent Newcomer had done to the prosaic and run-down school system. In fact, it implied that he had brought in the only educational system that this county had ever had. At that time, I intended to find a copy of that magazine, because I wanted to write a letter and direct the attention of Time Magazine to another issue of Time of only about three years ago. In two separate and unrelated items, they wrote articles on the achievements of Dr. William Ogle who was director of the Christmas Tree Project of the Atomic Energy Commission in the Pacific Ocean (Dr. Ogle was one of the outstanding authorities on nuclear fission), and Dr. Kiyo Tomiyasu, who was one of the leading research scientists in the development of laser light. Both of them were graduates of the Las Vegas High School, and had been tutored in science and math by Harold Brinley, had been counseled by him to pursue further those fields.

I don't know where Dr. Ogle, Bill, is now. Bill was a mischievous little devil. I had him go through my series of social science classes. I always placed him in the desk right immediately in front of mine where I could reach him.

Dr. Tomiyasu went on to Harvard; he took his doctorate from Harvard. There again is a very interesting person, and a member of an equally interesting family. His father—we called him Bill Tomiyasu—and his mother had been immigrants directly from Japan. They settled here in this valley, that is, out in

the Paradise Valley section of it, on a piece of fine ground. They put down a well and got a very fine flow of water, and went into intensive cultivation of that area. They operated a very successful truck gardening project. Mrs. Tomiyasu never spoke any English at all, I think. Bill, the father, does very well with the English language. They had a number of children. In addition to Kiyō who went on and acquired his doctorate in physics, there was Nanyu, an older brother. Nanyu took his master's in agronomy. He has operated nurseries here in the valley since that time. He also had two sisters who both became M. D.'s. One of them died shortly after getting her degree, but the other one is practicing at the present time in Sawtelle.

Miss Frazier was also able to attract teachers into Las Vegas because of the salaries. Las Vegas had consistently paid a high salary, but that is only half of the picture. The load, that is what the teachers were expected to teach, was heavy. It was during the Depression, during those years when jobs were hard to find. She used to tell us in staff meeting that she knew the load was heavy, but she also knew that the salary was better than they could get anywhere else. She thought, however, that we would sooner do a little more work and get a little more money for it. So those were the conditions under which the contract was signed.

I came in that year at a salary of \$1,320, or on that basis; of course, I came in February. As soon as I finished the requirements for my bachelor's degree, my salary immediately went up to \$1,520. Then it went up yearly after that by \$120 increments. Miss Frazier was solicitous of the welfare of her teachers, and she did everything she could to get us a little extra money.

She came to me, and I knew she went to other teachers, and said that she had something a little extra for me if I wanted to earn it. She needed a policeman for school activities. You go to a football game today and the field is lined with policemen, but they are on the school payroll while they are serving the needs of the school. Anyway, I got an additional \$120 a year for taking over as policeman for school activities.

Again, I got a pretty good initiation on my first appearances at football games. I was transferred to the high school from the elementary in 1930, as teacher of social studies. It was at that time that I got the new assignment. It was the first football game of the season. By that time, there were a lot of construction stiffs who had come into the country and taken jobs in the building of Hoover Darn, and Saturday was a good time to take off a little time and pick up some moonshine liquor and come to town and celebrate. What would be a better place to celebrate than a football game? So I was policing the crowds, and came across a couple of young fellows with six bottles of beer sitting there on the bleachers in front of them. I went up to them, "Sorry fellows, can't allow that here. I'll have to lock that up until after the game." "That is o.k., o.k." So I took their beer and locked it up, came back and they had moved down to another set of bleachers. As I was passing, I saw one of them taking a nip; it wasn't beer this time, it was good old corn liquor. So I didn't stop on formalities, I just stormed up there and took his liquor.

Well, he wasn't so cooperative this time; he resisted quite strenuously, but I got a headlock on him, hauled him off the field, pushed him outside the gate. In doing so I got a torn shirt. I was living just a block down from the

school so I went home and changed shirts. In the meantime he had gone up to the gate and bought another ticket. If I had seen him or known, I would have thrown him out again. Anyway he was back in.

Between halves, he and his buddy started across the field to challenge the referee on some decision. Anyway, I followed him across. He got to the referee first, and the referee didn't wait on formalities either; he took poke at him. By that time there was a highway patrolman on the field. He came up to them, took them in tow. That guy spent two weeks in jail. Nobody would bail him out. We had another incident or two, but the Boulder City gang after that went along with us. They let us play our games in peace.

Liquor was quite a factor. The highway to Boulder City was pretty well lined with speakeasies (of course, there were speakeasies at that time), and they were subject to raids quite regularly. But the word would get out, and by the time the officers arrived, about all they could ever get was one or two, until I guess it was in 1932. There was a federal undercover agent came to town and he got next to a business man who enjoyed the confidence of everyone, offered him a job with the federal government in San Francisco, if he would use his influence as an undercover man for the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

He went along with them, and under their direction he opened up a speakeasy or saloon under the name of Liberty's Last Stand. He went along with the federal agents in "bugging" the place and also working "bugs" into other places. Of course, he became a purchaser of moonshine from the moonshiners around—and there were plenty of them. He got their confidence and after they were pretty well settled, the federal boys came in and set the trap.

They had him order from every moonshiner in the county for delivery at such-and-such a time, the times for delivery staggered so no one would be aware of the trap. Then they brought in an army of federal men. (There was quite a story. In fact, the story was written up, you may have run across it. There was a book published, called Liberty's Last Stand.) Anyway, the day the trap was to be sprung, he had these moonshiners coming in with their deliveries. They would come in at a certain time, the federal men would take them in, place them under arrest, place them in the back room and get ready for the next one. The next one would come in, they would take him in the meantime, there were other federal men hitting every known speakeasy in the area. They just cleared the valley of moonshiners, of bootleggers, saloon keepers, everything.

Along in connection with the story, this fellow that went along with the prohi's went to San Francisco to get his job. Nobody knew him, or had ever heard of him. He told his story; they had no authority for that, sorry. He is the one who wrote the book. His name was R. A. Kelly.

My life in teaching school was interesting and enjoyable. In 1929, '30, '31, and on into '32, I was free and footloose. I spent a lot of time in school. I formed the habit then of leaving the house at seven o'clock. I was always an early riser, and I didn't have anything to do but go to school and to work, so I was there at seven. I found that to be the best part of the day, and the most productive part of the day, although I was there also lots of evenings. I always arranged to keep my weekends free. I still liked to hunt, and I liked to roan this desert.

Shortly after coming here, I always looked for those sandstone bluffs out to the west,

and I wanted to see those in the worst way. But I was without transportation. (I was still paying off the Federation of Women's Clubs in Reno the money I had borrowed, although I paid my way up there after the first two years. In fact, I left the university with almost enough money to meet the debt. Those weeks I put in with the Pacific Fruit Express Company, I had put in a lot of twenty-four hour days with them.) One night, I guess it was in August of 1929, I got a little restless along about ten o'clock one Friday evening, and thought I would take a walk. It was a beautiful moonlight night so I started out in the direction of the bluffs. I walked out there and kept on walking, I imagine about six miles. I got a little leg weary so I sat down, and went to sleep. It wasn't uncomfortable sleeping out there in August, and I woke up as daylight was approaching. I thought I would like to get up a little closer and see the sunrise on these bluffs. So I walked on. I figured it was possibly six miles out there, so I walked another six miles.

The sun came up. It was very impressive, but I was still a long ways away. I figured about another six miles. I hiked another six miles, and by that time I was getting thirsty. I came to a sign that said, "Wilson Ranch, six miles." Well, I figured I was closer to water in that six miles than I was going back the other eighteen, and so I hiked on six miles, got out to the Wilson Ranch. There was a family there, and they told me that I was about twenty-three miles from Las Vegas. Anyway, I wandered on up the canyon a little ways and got my drink of water from a little stream flowing there. I took my shoes off, bathed my tired feet, lay down, and slept through most of the afternoon. I got up about four o'clock, I guess, and started that twenty-four mile hike back to Las Vegas.

I got down to within about six miles of Las Vegas, and came to a homesteader's cabin. I thought I would get a drink of water. The homesteader was Dr. J. D. Smith, a dentist here in Las Vegas; he was living out there establishing his claim. That homestead, now, is really worth a lot of money. Anyway, he was glad to give me a drink. In fact, wouldn't I come in and have a cup of coffee? I had a cup of coffee, and Mrs. Smith gave me some little cookies. They were the best things I have ever tasted. Well, I guess they saw I was stumbling from weariness, and Dr. Smith insisted on driving me home. I wanted in the worst way to walk that last six miles to make up an even forty-eight, but he wouldn't let me. Bed sure felt good that night.

I sure got the dickens from my brother. He met me coming in. He said, "Well, I'm glad you got here; I can go tell the sheriff to call off his posse.

I teamed up with Frank Allen, a friend of the family, who lived in Alamo previously. His wife lived there at home when she was going to school at the Lincoln County High School several years before. He was operating the Taylor ranch. Taylor ranch was originally the old Kyle ranch, occupied by the Kyle family that feuded with the Stewart family originally. It was the place where Mr. Stewart had been killed along in 1884. Anyway, it had been acquired by John S. Park—he was the first banker in Las Vegas—and made it into a beautiful garden spot of the southwest. They had planted vineyards, and set out trees, orchards. They had an abundance of water. Anyway, they had sold out in turn to a Chicago millionaire by the name of William Taylor. He had seen that place, and just wanted it the worst way, and he had the money to get it, so he purchased it. Then, of course, he had someone take care of it, and

he left it in the hands of his attorney, Leo McNamee. Leo McNamee got Frank Allen, a family acquaintance. Frank was quite an old horse trader, and while he operated the ranch he also had horses and cattle and range rights out on Sheep Mountain.

Sheep Mountain had always been quite an attraction to me because of the herds of mountain sheep up there, and also because it was the site of Hidden Forest. Frank needed someone to go with him on his expeditions, help do his riding, corner his horses, and so on. On one occasion in 1930—it was on Mother's Day weekend—he wanted to go out and help round up some of his horses and cattle and bring them in.

We left here about four o'clock Saturday morning and drove out, took a youngster with us, and also took a horse in the trailer. We planned to use the horse to round up other horses and get our own mounts, and then round up the cattle and start them out for Las Vegas. We would then turn them over to the boy to drive on in while we back tracked in the car. Frank would then ride out from the home ranch, meet him and help drive the stock on in.

We got out there in pretty good time—it was a fifty-mile drive over very rough mountain roads—unloaded the horse, and started looking for Frank's range horses. Well, I took a gun and hiked over the mountain; of course, my interest was mountain sheep. He rode. We covered a lot of territory, but we didn't find any horses. All we found was horse tracks that were directed up over the mountain.

Well, during the afternoon, I worked my way back to camp, and Frank pushed on to the other side of the mountain. He came clattering into camp about dusk. He says to me, "Will you go with me on into the Pahrnagat Valley?" (This is on up the mountains another sixty

miles, possibly.) He said, "I'll bet you we will find those horses and cattle being pushed into So-and-so's pasture in the morning. He had found a smoking campfire and the tracks of shod horses used to drive his horses and cattle on over the mountain toward the Pahrnagat Valley. I said, "Sure, I'll go with you."

We left the boy there, took the car, and went on back toward the road. We saw a car coming up the road too, on the Corn Creek road we would take to cross over the mountain, eventually winding up on Pahrnagat Valley. We met the car at the junction. It was Frank's sister-in-law and mother-in-law that were going to Pahrnagat Valley for Mother's Day. They had a note from his father-in-law who was in Pahrnagat Valley. It had come through the mail, telling Frank that So-and-so, So-and-so, and So-and-so were out on Sheep Mountain rounding up his stock. It was obviously a case of stock rustling.

So we beat it right on into Alamo and got Frank's father-in-law, and brother-in-law, and came back out and branched off on the road they would be bringing the horses and cattle on. Well, we whiled away the rest of the night there, but they didn't come.

When it came daylight, we started out over the mountain and up the valley down which they would undoubtedly be coming. They hadn't made the progress that we figured they would. After proceeding up the road several miles we found we would have to wait for them to arrive. I had taken the gun again, and started off up toward another spring. I looked back down across the valley and saw a couple of cowboys driving cattle and horses down off the mountain. So we immediately started back down to intercept them.

Frank's father-in-law saw them; there was a little bad feeling anyway, and he wanted to take that gun and start shooting. Well, Frank had to fight him for that gun. But anyway, we

went on down, and all of a sudden we saw one of the men turn and dash back up the hill. We thought they must have seen us, so we went on down. In reality, he had gone back to round up another group of cattle.

We went on down to where there were a couple of horses they had driven over the mountain. The rustlers had an old grey mare that Frank had worked on the ranch, with a stallion tied right to her tail. There were a number of other horses and some of Frank's cattle along with cattle of another brand that Frank had acquired when he got the range rights, W-7 cattle belonging to Roy Grant in Cedar City.

While we were waiting, that is, as soon as we got there, we took our belts and put around the necks of a couple of other horses, proposed to get on and see what we could find out. Here came this guy, pushing some more stock, and apparently he hadn't seen us yet. Frank gave a yell at him and motioned him over. He came over, a little surprised to see that it was Frank, the owner of the stock.

Frank said, "What stock have you got here?" "Mustangs." "Mustangs, well, what are those?" "Those are W-7 cattle." "W-7. How do you account for these A-1 horses and A-1 cattle?" That was Frank's brand. Frank reached over and pulled his gun off his saddle and handed it to me. He also took the rope off his horse and says, "We're going to round up these animals now, and see just what you do have."

We put a loop on the noses of the horses and got on bareback. I was encumbered with the gun and camera and Frank had his gun, too. They, Frank and the rustler, were riding up front, got to having words, calling a few names. Tempers flared and Frank jumped off his horse, laid his gun down on a bush and invited the man of f to settle this right now.

Well, he started taking off his chaps. He reached around behind and under the flap at

his chaps. I didn't know what he was reaching for; it turned out he was just getting them unbuckled to free himself of them. I assumed he had the gun inside his chaps, and thought I would settle the matter right now, so I told him he was under arrest.

Well, he immediately assumed something that wasn't true. He assumed that I was a deputy sheriff or a sheriff and that their goose was really cooked. Anyway, he calmed down right now. About that time, along came his companion. Frank says, "As long as you have assumed the responsibility here, why don't you take the other one, too? We will take them in to Las Vegas and turn them over to Sam Gay for rustling cattle."

I knew this other guy who came in although he didn't recognize me. I had gone to school with him in Lincoln County. He had become a heavyweight boxer. He had made quite a reputation for himself down there. Anyway, I stuck my neck out and said, "Are you tied in with this deal here?" "Yes." "Well, we will take you in to Las Vegas with us then." I was making a citizen's arrest, but they didn't know it.

On our way out onto the range we came to a fork in the road, one fork going toward Las Vegas and the other coming up from the range. Here we had found a little rock monument with a stake and a red flag on it; a piece of red handkerchief, I guess it was. In that little monument was a note. It was addressed to these two guys out in the hills by their brother. This note called them by name and says, "Bring in only W-7 cattle and get in and see me as quick as you can. Ike is going to pen you up. Signed, (their brother)." Ike was Frank's father-in-law. Well, we picked up the note and went on, but we had no sooner got these two guys in custody and in the process of loading them into the car to take them to Las Vegas, than here came an old stripped-

down Chevy—about 1924 vintage, maybe earlier than that—steaming like a Stanley Steamer, with this brother. He got out and wanted to know what in the dickens was going on.

It was Frank's problem, of course, and there was a question about the W-7 cattle. Why that should have interfered, I don't know, because they did have A-1 horses and A-1 cattle. Anyway, talking it back and forth, and letting a little of the heat wear off, Frank decided that he would clear up with this fellow in Utah, Roy Grant, because they apparently had been authorized to pick W-7 cattle by him, and it was his brand; the brand had never been changed. There was that question. Frank decided that he would let them go until that matter had been cleared up, but told them to hold themselves in readiness. Furthermore, there was a question of the county boundary line in there too, a question of taking them from Lincoln County to Clark County.

It was getting late in the afternoon—it was Sunday by now—and I had to be back ready to teach school the next morning. We hadn't had any sleep since the time we left Las Vegas, and very little to eat. It was decided I would take Frank's father-in-law and brother-in-law back to Alamo. Frank would take these horses and cattle back over the hill, turn them over to the kid that came out with us, and he would follow on through to Las Vegas. So I put my passengers in Frank's car and took them on back to Alamo, got myself some dinner. Boy, that sure tasted good!

On my way back down Pahrnagat Valley, I met the older brother driving home in his car, and another car coming along behind with the other two brothers. Anyway, the older brother flagged me down, came over to my car and said, "These fellows want to talk to you." I said, "O.K." They came up, stopped, got out. This prize-fighter came over

and looked me over. "Say," he said, "You got a star or badge or anything to indicate you are a deputy sheriff?" I says, "No." "Did Sam Gay deputize you before you left Las Vegas?" I said, "No." I was shaking in my boots. He said, "well, come on out, 'I'll give you a badge." He jerked the car door open, grabbed me by the shirt collar and struck me in the mouth. That just irritated me no end. So I came out of that car with a lot of momentum and with the advantage of stepping down off that running board. Anyway, I knocked him down. He went reeling over into the gutter on the other side of the road. My rush carried me past these other two who were on either side of me, and they jumped on me from behind, took me down to my knees, but I got a pretty good hold on them.

I thought the better part of valor here was to see what the game was going to be, so I held on and made them feel that their position there with my arms around their knees was a little bit shaky. Anyway, the older brother says, "If you'll be good we will let you up." "I'll be good if you'll be good, but I won't be any better." They let me up. The other guy hadn't come to yet, but he did. He began to come out of it, and came staggering back and was inclined to want to mix some more, but the older brother was as good as his word. He says, "You've had yours, you stay out of this now." He turned to me and says, "You know what we are going to do now with you?" I said, "No, I don't." "Well we are going to take you down to Johnny Richards, the deputy sheriff."

These guys didn't know me; I knew them or knew who they were. I said, "No, you're not. You're not going to take me anywhere and you're not going to take me to the deputy sheriff. But I will go with you. In fact, I would just like to tell Johnny Richards my story. I would sooner tell him my story than listen to you tell yours." That sort of took them

back. "Well, we would take you down there, but Frank Allen is a good friend of ours, and we know that he is waiting down on the mountain for you, and that you have to get him back home." Well, they did a lot of talking. Before we parted they said to me, "Why don't you come up sometime and go hunting with us? Come, we'll go out in the hills, eat with us, and sleep with us. You will find that we are not such a bad crew." I indicated that it might be a good idea; I wanted to get away.

About that time, anyway, along come the two that had come up for Mother's day; Frank's mother-in-law, sister-in-law, brother-in-law, the three of them. They knew what had happened on the hill, because I had had dinner with them. Anyway I got away from the would-be rustlers and proceeded on back to the camp on the mountain.

I arrived back at the Sheep Mountain camp about ten o'clock, and back into Las Vegas about three o'clock the next morning. I was out to school at eight o'clock. I had a big mouth from the punch I received in the fight, and they had broken one of my teeth again. I went to Doc Smith to replace that tooth. He wondered if I had been out on any wild jaunts anymore since he had picked me and driven me to Las Vegas the night of my long hike from Red Rock Canyon. The next day Frank came to me at school to tell me how things were going in Pahrnagat Valley. He said, "Those boys up in Alamo got things pretty much upset all along, saying that you had been impersonating an officer." I said, "Well, what are you going to do?" He said, "I am on my way up there now. Do you have anything you want me to say?" "No, I would rather say it myself. If you'll give me until noon," I said, "I will see if I can get a substitute, and I will go up with you." We went up. In the meantime, they had gone over into Utah, and got that guy who

owned the W-7 cattle and he and Frank got together and ironed out their question of cattle ownership immediately. They were Frank's cattle and there was no question but that his stock was being rustled.

Frank's father-in-law and mother-in-law lived in the valley. However, his wife was afraid that if he preferred charges the rustlers would retaliate on them. They were operating a little poultry ranch. They were very susceptible to raids, so he just forgot it. Well, that was nearly thirty-six years ago so things have had a chance to change.

But, you know, cattle rustling goes on, even though it is done differently. They drive up alongside of the critter in the hills in a pickup, haul the meat off, or drive off with live animals. It isn't done on the scale that it was done at one time, by whole herds. But human nature hasn't changed.

While in Las Vegas, I served in various capacities in church activities, as a Sunday School teacher, as an assistant to the president of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, as a drama teacher in the Mutual Improvement Association, quite a bit of time in Scout work. We used to enjoy that.

One of our favorite Scout outings was down on the Colorado River. We would go down and hob-nob around the old Callville ruins. We liked to get driftwood, tie it together in the form of a raft, float down the river for a few miles. We did quite a lot of fishing along the river, caught primarily catfish, channel cats, but they were a gourmet dish. There were a lot of other trash fish, mostly suckers, what we called the boney tail, an occasional snapping turtle, and a big hump-backed sucker we called the buffalo sucker. Once in a while, we caught what was supposedly identified as a white salmon. It was not a particularly large fish, but it was a very nice fish.

My wife, after we were married, served also as a Sunday School teacher here in Las Vegas, as a primary teacher. After we moved to Boulder City, she served for several years as president of the Ward Primary Association, and several years also as the president of the Ward Relief Society. For the last nine years she has been serving as state president of the Relief Society organization. That is one field where she has no trouble finding something to do!

After we were married in 1932, our oldest child was born in 1933. During the immediate subsequent years, I liked to get summer employment on the Dam when I could. It wasn't always possible, but I did work down there during a number of seasons.

On one job that I recall in particular, I was working on the inside of the 30-foot penstock tubes. They had been pretty well installed, and at this time it was a private contract for the purpose of lining them with a hot tar enamel. They had large furnaces to melt the tar. They would bring it in several hundred-pound cakes, chop it up with an axe, throw it in this furnace, let it melt. They had five-gallon buckets, and we would carry that to the painters; those that were putting it on, applying it with mops. It was supposed to go on anywhere from two to three inches in thickness.

There were times when we had quite a carry—300 yards. Those five gallon buckets, one on either arm for that distance, could get quite heavy. Furthermore, by the time we got there, a certain amount of the tar had congealed on the bucket, and so we had to carry both ways. The more trips we had, the more it built up. Finally we were carrying dead weight. Almost half of the weight was dead weight both ways. The contractors were there to make money.

I also worked for the government. That was at different times, and an entirely different type of task master. I remember on one occasion, something happened along the way somewhere, and we were short a man, or something, and the boss didn't know it. Anyway, we had a 200- or 300-yard carry on that deal too, and I was supposed to be supplying two painters (there were two painters, and one carrier). I was the carrier, and I was supposed to keep them both busy. I wasn't doing too well at that. In fact, I had stopped to take a breather. The boss came along and wanted to know why in the dickens we couldn't keep those painters busy down there. He was actually surprised when he found out that I had been doing as well as I had.

On that job, though, there was a very disagreeable situation because of the vapor that came off of that stuff. I was warned when I went in that I ought to get a particular type of grease, cover my exposed skin, my face, and my hands, because otherwise, when I went out in the sunlight, it would burn. It didn't sound reasonable to me that anything like that could happen, and so I paid no attention to it.

That sane summer, 1936, we had acquired a lot down on the corner of Ninth and Bonneville, and made arrangements to build a house. We made application for an FHA loan; it was one of the first here in town, and the contractors had bid on the construction. We were planning a basement. In this particular instance, we felt that a basement could be practical because we had a neighbor just next door who had just recently built. He had dug a basement, and it was easy digging all the way down. It was good soil all the way down for more than the seven feet that he dug, and so I thought, well, why not? So we planned it with a basement, and the contractors bid figured \$75.00 for digging out that basement. It would be 18 x 25. I figured I could dig that out in three days, and made good money. In any case, I didn't believe my job at

the Dam would last too much longer, and so I went to work on the basement.

I came out of those penstock tubes, and out into the open sun. Those fellows knew what they were talking about when they said that I should have protected my skin, because I turned so black, I could go downtown, and no one would recognize me.

There was another factor to that, although it had changed my appearance. That summer my tooth problem had again caught up with me. By that time I had worn out two or three more bridges, and every time I wore out and replaced a bridge, it was because I had worn out the teeth that it was anchored on. So this time I went in, and had all of my uppers extracted, and so there I was without teeth. I hadn't been able to eat very effectively. I had been working out in that sun. Furthermore, after I got down about thirty inches, I ran into that solid gyp hard pan, so from there on out, it was a matter of single-jacking and blasting. One other thing; that summer I had a mess of boils. They were just all over me. I had been weighing about 190 pounds; I went down to 170. That year when I went back to school (of course, by that time I did have my teeth), they all wondered who the new teacher was.

Building that house, we built a good house. We had a good contractor. We had acquired a lot, a 75-foot corner lot, 75 x 140 feet deep. It cost us \$325 for the ground. The contract price on the house, 1,200 feet upstairs, and the full basement, was \$3,640; a house that today you wouldn't be able to duplicate for \$35,000. The land itself would cost several thousand dollars in that location.

I had always been interested in studying law. I wanted to be an attorney. With the responsibilities of a family, I didn't see any chance of realizing that by going to school. So, I enrolled in a La Salle extension course. I was very much interested in it and getting

along very nicely in it, devoting particularly my summer time to it when I was approached with the proposition that I apply for a position in the State Department of Education: Deputy State Superintendent of the fifth supervision district. I didn't feel at the time that I was too interested in it, but it did offer a little more money than I was getting; although in the long run it didn't pay out any better because it was a twelve month job. Anyway, I found myself applying for it.

I had a friend who had taken the same position in 1934, and he had been appointed by Chauncey Smith. Chauncey Smith had died when he was in office, and Governor Kirman had appointed his office deputy, Mildred Bray. At the end of the term, this friend, Leonard Sledge, filed to run against Mildred for the job. He was one who came after me to try for his job.

Well, Mildred Bray interviewed me, and I told her that I was a personal friend of Leonard's. Well, she wanted to know how I was going to stand on the election. I said, "Well, it I get the appointment from you, I still won't feel that I can work against him, but at the same time, it would be like biting the hand that was feeding me if I were to campaign against you. I will stay neutral." Well, she wasn't too enthusiastic about appointing me, but there was a lot of pressure brought to bear. I had a lot of endorsements from down here, prominent people of the community, and the county put the pressure on her, and I got the appointment.

I labored in the office under rather difficult conditions because—I think it was just a lack of faith in my ability—I had been appointed under pressure.

The area covered, I think I mentioned before, Lincoln, Clark, Esmeralda, and southern Nye counties, as far north in Nye county as Tonopah. It was an interesting assignment during the period that I had it. One of the responsibilities was to visit every school in the district at least twice a year, and so during

the fall of the year, and again in the spring, I would take to the road to visit those schools.

I particularly remember my first visit to Silver Peak. I happened in there the day after Hallowe'en, and as I drove into the town, I thought that things seemed peculiar. There were little groups of people standing around in various places, people out in front of the houses, and talking with neighbors. There was just something in the air. Of course, it was my first appearance in the town; I didn't know the town, I didn't know where the school was. I drove on, and pretty soon I came to a lot, and well, that looked like a school up there. There was a bunch of kids playing around the flagpole, and a flag flying, but over here on a vacant hillside there was another building. It had been propped up on blocks, and there was an old school bell laying in front of the door. The building, though, was definitely on a slant. Passing it, I looked in and it had a lot of school equipment in it. It was definitely the school building.

The law of the state at that time provided in the establishment of high schools, that a high school district could not be formed in any county within forty miles of an already-established high school. Well, this was in Esmeralda County. There was an established high school in Goldfield, and Silver Peak was just thirty-eight miles from Goldfield, but the road was practically impassable; it was impassable the greater part of the year. In fact, the only way I could get from Goldfield to Silver Peak was to go by way of Tonopah, and from Tonopah on over to Coaldale, next to the Coaldale junction, and turn south from there. A long, roundabout way. So it was absolutely impractical to think of transporting those Silver Peak youngsters to Goldfield. In order to comply with the law the people of Silver Peak had set up the school building two miles on the other side of town from Goldfield and had established

a school organization which was recognized by the state department. They were getting regular state aid. It irritated the people of Silver Peak no end that here was their town, and they had to take their kids—or the kids had to travel—out of town, over the roughest of roads during the most inclement weather regardless, just to go to that schoolhouse.

So they had taken advantage of Hallowe'en. They had taken the one county commissioner that would have objected to it, and had entertained him all evening in a bar, while the boys of the town of various ages on up had got the necessary equipment, gone up and jacked up that schoolhouse, put on wheels, hauled it into town, and set it down on that hillside.

I don't know what those people thought when they found out I was representing the State Department of Education, and happened to be in town just the day after these shenanigans had been going on. Here they had blatantly violated the law. Regardless, I felt that it was the best Hallowe'en stunt that I ever encountered, other than the one I pulled at one time. Anyway, no one had any money to haul that school building back the two miles, so it stayed where it was.

I found all over this district, a lot of very fine teaching being done. There was poor teaching, poor preparation, there were poorly-prepared teachers, but on the whole there were some very fine people. I was particularly impressed at that time by the work that was being done in the elementary schools, particularly in Tonopah.

They had some old, long-time Tonopah residents teaching. There was Mrs. Jennie Currieux—I had known her daughter when I was at the University—a tall, stately lady of well over sixty years of age at the time. There was a Mrs. Helene Slavin who had been in the Tonopah schools for thirty years. I can't think

of all those who were there at the time. They were old-timers. They were highly-respected in the community, the kids responded beautifully to them, and they were teaching fundamentals.

I saw some fine teaching, too, in one-teacher schools. There was just a young girl teaching in Clover Valley in Lincoln County, Vera Delmue. She was a Lincoln County girl herself. She had those youngsters organized so that they were assuming a lot of responsibility themselves. The older students were tutoring the younger students, and there was just a hum of industry, and good work going on.

I was impressed by the principal of the high school at Tonopah, Clarence Bird. He went to the University, and was Director of Admissions there. It was from him that I first heard what every superintendent ought to have: At least a \$10,000 "Go to Hell fund." It would give them independence from local conditions, and local interference. Of course, that \$10,000 "Go to Hell fund" wouldn't take a modern superintendent very far. It ought to be \$60,000 "Go to Hell fund" today.

Another person that made a great impression on me was Ert Moore, the principal at Beatty. He had a combination job there of elementary and high school. I think there were three teachers covering elementary and high. He had one fellow, Fred Dees. They were teaching Latin, and I think that Fred Dees was teaching those kids three years of Latin. Ert Moore gave the impression of a country boy. There were quite a number of Indians in the area at the time, and Ert did the work of an Indian agent, a father confessor, a general welfare agent. He did everything for those Indians. If they were sick, he saw that they were taken care of. If they were hungry, he saw that they got food. I think that it was just too bad when Ert Moore moved away from Beatty. I think he is the principal of one of the schools in Reno at this time.

I was visiting in Ert's home one time, and noted a quiver made of a fox skin filled with genuine Indian arrows hanging on the wall. I asked him where in the dickens he found those. Oh, Skidoo made them for him. I said, "Could you get Skidoo to make some for me?" Why, he thought so, and so the next time I came around, he had a dozen arrows for me, genuine Indian, right from the obsidian tip through the sinew, feathering, and so on. I have most of those today. I have been bribed out of one or two of them.

Here in Las Vegas, we had a local amateur archeologist, Dr. William S. Park. I had to show those to Dr. Park. He says, "Edwards, could you get me a dozen of those?" "Well, I'll try, Doctor." So I got Dr. Park a dozen of them. Dr. Park, of course, has been dead for many years. Recently, I was visiting in the little museum, the Lost City Museum at Overton, and Dr. Park's collection had largely gone to that museum. There I saw those arrows. They were identified, though, as ancient Indian arrows. They were sure still in good condition!

I had an interesting experience when I went into another school district for the first time. It was the Dyer school district in Fish Lake Valley. I had no idea how to get there. Of course, I picked up directions, and I had figured I had taken the right road. Anyway, it was winding down through the country. Way off in the distance, I could see a clump of trees. I figured, well, that must be it. So I kept working toward those trees. As I approached the trees, I came to beautifully-kept fields, occupied by the prettiest blooded stock I had ever seen; beautiful Poland China hogs, and blooded Black Angus cattle, beautiful highly-bred horses. I was just looking with all the eyes I had. All of a sudden I came up against a fence, and on the other side of that fence it looked like acres of dog kennels filled with Russian wolfhounds. Well, I stopped. A

ranch hand came along. Of course, I had to get some information from him.

It was a ranch that had been taken over by a Chicago heiress, one of the Kellogg family. He said that she had just about 100 of those Russian wolfhounds there in those kennels. She used to fly her blooded stock back to Chicago to show. Later, she went down into Pahrump Valley to get some land there. I got several stories on her from an insurance agent. She wanted money faster than her trust fund would permit, and so she would take out a life insurance policy, and borrow against that. She developed a beautiful well there in Pahrump Valley, a tremendous flow of water, and was developing quite an acreage when she contracted tularemia, and died, I think, quite suddenly in the Tonopah hospital.

Another interesting character was over in the Pahrump Valley, an old-timer by the name of Frank Buol. Frank had a very interesting place; it would pass as a home museum, most any time, anywhere. He had a nice collection of Indian baskets. He had a book on Death Valley, the only one I have ever seen; he permitted me to read it. It was intriguing. It mentioned, among other things, the Lee family. The original old man Henry Lee was the one after which Lees Canyon in the Spring Mountain Range, generally known as Charleston, is named. An interesting feature was Henry's four sons. They were named Leander, Philander, Meander, Salamander.

Frank Buol classed himself as a wine merchant. He raised grapes of a very fine wine-making variety. He was regularly licensed for wine-making, and wine-selling. For years he was an assemblyman from Nye County. I can vouch for the quality of that wine. Whenever I dropped in on him, he had Ry-Krisp, blue cheese, and wine. It made a very worthwhile snack.

One school district, Cave Valley in Lincoln County, was probably the most remote that I had to visit. Conditions in there were quite primitive. There were one or two fairly nice ranches, but a lot of the people were living at the poverty level. To get in, I would go from Pioche on out to Bristol Wells, on over to Nye County, pass through Sunnyside, which was a school district in another supervision district. I was over Supervision District Five, and that was Supervision District Two. Then I would pass back into Cave Valley, which was in Supervision District Five. I had to go in that way; I could come out over Patterson Pass because it was down hill. There were few jump-offs, and you come down over those jumpoffs, but you couldn't go up over them. A four-wheel drive jeep probably would be able to make it now.

My impression of the schoolhouse there was of an old stable that had been boarded up and a rough floor put in the open spaces. You had to be careful as you went from one side of the room to the other to avoid the holes through the floor. But the teacher seemed to be doing quite a lot for those little kids. All the kids had to ride horses to school. The teacher was telling me that she had tried two or three different horses before she could find one that could carry her to school. She had some rather hard spills. She had to learn how to ride the horse so she could get to school.

I am told that the school district had been subject to some feuding between the neighbors. My predecessor in office, Leonard Sledge, had told me that he had been unwise enough to visit one board member first, and so when he came up to the house of another one, he was denied admission by this board member, who took his stand in front of the gate with a gun. The school board member in Cave Valley who was so irritable was more or less of

a transient. The following year, he had moved out. Incidentally, Leonard had also told me about attending a board meeting in Pahranaagat Valley where the board members came heeled.

An aspect of the job that I liked, of course, was being out on the road. I had opportunity, if not need, to camp out every once in a while. I carried a sleeping bag, and a couple of Dutch ovens. I would find some very likely camping spots. Over in Ash Meadows, there was a beautiful, big spring that made a delightful swimming hole. Then another good camping spot was up at Crystal Springs. I always scheduled my trips to permit a night camp at these spots.

I remember stopping at Beatty once on my way down to visit the school at Ash Meadows. Of course, I had also come by Pahrump. Anyway, I stopped at the general store in Beatty to pick up some supplies. I asked for a pound of bacon. "Do you want it sliced?" "Yes," I said, "Go ahead and slice it." I was looking for something else. When I opened up my bacon to cook it, it was sliced, in three pieces.

One of our major responsibilities, aside from visiting schools, and keeping the state department acquainted with the conditions in the schools, and checking on budgets, and getting reports and so on, was that of organizing and supervising an institute. We had an institute, district teacher institute, every alternate year. It alternated with a state institute. The state institute generally was required for all of the teachers in the district where it was held, and then generally the administrators from elsewhere in the state. When it came to providing for the Fifth Supervision District Institute, that was my responsibility.

As a general rule, the state department sought out educational leaders. There was a certain expense fund that provided for an honorarium for visiting speakers. Generally, it

was someone who could go from one institute to another. Anyway, they were generally provided by the state. Ours came at such a time when the state selection was not available, so they said, "Well, you take care of that." I was just about lost, but I did have one contact at the University of Southern California. I had a friend there who recommended a Dr. Chen, a Chinese, and I was desperate. If he hadn't accepted the assignment, I don't believe we could have had an institute, so I was just grasping at straws. He accepted, and I know that the State Superintendent, when I told her who I had, was very skeptical. He turned out to be outstanding. I couldn't have done better. He brought a genuine message, he had the personality to go with it. He just thrilled everybody and, probably best of all, he sold me finally to my boss.

It was a position, though, that I had to do my own secretarial work. It was twelve months of work. It paid \$2,400 a year, provided, of course, travel expense, but was limiting in opportunities for personal development.

I had had occasion to get acquainted out at Boulder City, because they were having trouble, too. There were factions in the community. They had had a very difficult educational history out there, anyway; they had had a recall election on their school board. They were pretty much upset. They had had to settle for an inexperienced and untrained administrator. I had had to go out on many occasions to get records, look the records up on attendance and teacher operation and so on, myself. In so doing, of course, I got pretty well acquainted with the school board members. So near the end of my second year in the job as Deputy Superintendent, they offered me the Superintendency out there. I figured it was like jumping from the frying pan into the fire, but it would feel good anyway.

BOULDER CITY HISTORY AND EDUCATION

We might start at the beginning with Boulder City. Boulder City is a very interesting community. It was a specialty community built for only one purpose, and that was to house the workmen and provide accommodations for them during the period that the Dam was being built. Also, of course, it provided a base of operation, and office spaces for those who were engaged in that activity; for the contractors, and for the Bureau of Reclamation supervision.

Boulder City was also built during a difficult national period. It was during the great Depression, during the gangster era in American history, and also near the end of the Prohibition period. The government recognized that it was going to be the biggest construction job in the Western Hemisphere, or in the world for that matter, in modern history, with the single exception of the Panama Canal. They knew that the eyes of the world would be on the city and on Nevada. They knew that the state of Nevada, with questionable moral standards, legal requirements, and so on, because of the

divorce question and its stand on gambling, its free and easy liquor control, gave it something of a black eye throughout the United States. So they felt that having a government sponsored town, they had to keep it clean, so to speak. So they set aside a tract of land for government ownership and government supervision. It was there that they built the town.

The first or earliest construction was of dormitories for workmen, single workmen. Of course, workmen generally came in alone. It was during the Depression years, and there were a lot of men loose looking for work anyway, so they came in and were accommodated in the dormitories. Then, of course, following that came the construction of the dwelling houses, and family men would make arrangements for a dwelling house to which they would bring their families.

One interesting aspect of it was providing for eating facilities for the men. Anderson Brothers came in for that purpose, and put up a huge cafeteria, or restaurant service. They provided a very fine meal, in fact—again during Depression years—it was someplace

for most anyone in the country to go to in order to get a good meal cheap. As I recall, we could go over there, and get a meal for thirty-five cents, all we could eat, and very well prepared food. The workers themselves took advantage of it.

There were, of course, a lot of the workmen that commuted from Las Vegas. There were a lot that couldn't find accommodations in Boulder City, and so they would come out. The workmen themselves, or those who took advantage of Anderson's mess hall, would provide them with a lunch. The workmen were free to go along the line and pick up sandwiches and whatever else they wanted to make a lunch of, and they would take enough for several men and share it with others down on the Dam. Nevertheless, because of the volume of business, the low prices for basic produce, and the cost of labor, Andersons still made a lot of money. During those days in any case, there were a lot of people who were well-fed, who might otherwise have gone hungry.

Boulder City was, as we have noted, laid out in accordance with the felt needs. The government administration building was constructed at the top of a hill. Lawns and parks were so foreign to the desert that they were left out in the beginning. For several years, the city still presented quite a rain-washed appearance because of the lack of vegetation. But with the years, the vegetation grew and it did become a very beautiful little community.

As the Dam neared completion and as the demand for employees began to decrease, the city itself began to decrease in size. So by about 1938, Six Companies, which had built homes for their employees began to sell those houses out, and they were picked up and moved out. They were moved most every direction from Las Vegas that the roads would permit. A lot of them were carried into Las

Vegas, some were moved up to Overton, some to Searchlight. Anyway, whole blocks that had been thriving with life were denuded of the housing. The area reverted back to desert, with only the curbs and the paved streets to show an indication of having been at one time occupied. That state of affairs continued until about 1940. Of course, the Bureau of Reclamation continued to operate from there.

All of the work was not by any means complete when the Dam was completed. They had to build, complete, and furnish the powerhouse with all the generators, and so on. It required quite a force, but it didn't nearly equal the numbers that had been there in construction days of the Dam proper.

The government activities carried on, and as power became available, the government also established a little pilot experimental camp under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Mines, primarily for the purpose of determining the uses of various resources of the area, and the state of Nevada, and also to take advantage of the use of electric power in the experimental use of electricity for the metallurgical experimentation. So an office of the Bureau of Mines was established there, and it has played quite a prominent part in the affairs of the community since that time.

There have been occasions when finances, federal finances, have threatened the Bureau of Mines installation. In fact, the situation is current right now. It was supposed to have been phased out just a year ago (1964), but the community, through the state's Congressman and Senators appealed for an extension of time with the hopes that they would find a project that it could be utilized for.

One of the very outstanding achievements of that office was in the invention of a method for reducing titanium. One of the scientists that was located here in Boulder City came up with the process, and it is the

process, I understand, that is being used so successfully today. During the war, they utilized the plant for the production of manganese on a commercial basis. That is, because the commercial plants could not provide for the needs of the government in that field, they went ahead and produced what they could to their capacity.

With the filling of the lake, the completion of the Dam, there came, of course, the recreational aspects of the area. People began to capitalize, take advantage of the opportunities for fishing, for boating, and so on. And that brought the National Park Service into the picture; something again which contributed to stabilizing Boulder City as a community.

Since that time, too, the National Park Service has come to play a very prominent part, not only in Boulder City but in the Lake Mead recreational area, which includes also the area around Lake Mojave. In fact, it takes in land all along the Nevada side of the Colorado River where it serves as Nevada's southern boundary.

With the coming of the war, and even before we got into the war, the Department of Defense (I guess, at that time it was Department of War), recognized the strategic importance of the Dam and powerhouse, and they began construction in 1940, of an Army police camp in Boulder City.

With all of these factors coming to a head, you had the Bureau of Mines, the Park Service, the construction of a small army camp, it began to reverse the decrease in the population. The population, on the contrary, began to grow, and Boulder City found that it had been premature in selling out its housing. So it started all over again to rebuild. It never got big, but it did grow right at that time. Practically all of the facilities, utility provisions that had originally been

constructed or provided were utilized. Of course, with that also came the growth of the school that I have discussed elsewhere.

There is one little incident that transpired back in Washington with poor old Charlie Russell. He was a victim, an innocent victim of circumstances, I think, that made him Boulder City conscious. It goes back to another story—that of the naming of the Dam.

The Dam originally was designed to be built in Boulder Canyon on the Colorado River. Eventually, it was built in Black Canyon, several miles downstream from Boulder Canyon; first, because of the geological formations which were more substantial, second, because it was more accessible, and third, because it was just as good a dam site, and much more effective because of additional storage capacity it provided for the lake. Anyway, the name came with it, and during all of the planning years, the surveying years and all, it was Boulder Dam.

In the initial stages of getting the work under way, as they were driving a silver spike that started the railroad spur from the main line in Las Vegas on out to the Dam site; Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior at the time, officiating and driving the silver spike, in his dedicatory speech, initiatory speech or whatever it was, indicated that the Dam would henceforth be named after that great engineer under whose jurisdiction it had originally been planned; it would be known as Hoover Dam.

That sort of left the people here cold, because Hoover was more or less being held responsible for the Depression and so on, and they tended to associate his name with Hoover City, which was a city made up of poverty stricken transients going through, looking for work. Anyway, that name persisted until Franklin Delano Roosevelt came in, and

I don't know what motivated it. I always thought it was a pretty mean trick myself to change the name back to Boulder Dam. The old name, however, was welcomed back. At least that was the reaction of the people of this area. It was Boulder City, and it should be Boulder Dam. The names complemented each other.

Then when Harry Truman got in, Harry Truman, of course, was a Democrat, and Herbert Hoover was a Republican, but it was made in some way politically expedient for Harry Truman to see that the Congress took action, and officially and irrevocably made it Hoover Dam.

Charlie Russell hadn't been in on any of the difficulties; he didn't see anything wrong with it. He had no instructions in Nevada or Boulder City. The question came up, he voted with the majority, and in accordance with the recommendation of Harry Truman. And boy, did Boulder City descend on Charlie! It was already done, but Charlie was anxious to do what the people wanted, so he was very receptive to going to bat for Boulder City on most anything else.

The question of the administration of Boulder City was one that had rankled some and pleased others. It was still a government town and designed to serve the needs of the Department of Interior, and, for a while, the Department of War. At the same time there were people, individuals, private capital who wanted to take advantage of it, wanted to build a community, wanted to see it grow. All of this would have called for additional outlay for public utilities, street development and so on. The federal government was not interested in additional expenditures for such purposes, so they arrived at a stalemate. This status continued down until the time that the government did turn it over to local control, although the attitude of the

government, as early as 1948, was that this is America, Boulder City should be treated as America, and Boulder City citizens should be treated as Americans; Boulder City should be turned, just as soon as possible, to private and local control. In other words, the federal government recognized that they had been there for a purpose, that that purpose had been served and that now they, as a controlling factor, should get out and let the people be Americans and white men instead of Indians.

On the other hand, there was a large segment of the population that were very complacent about the matter. In fact, they preferred the status quo. They were made up largely government employees—employees of the Bureau of Reclamation. Incidentally, the Bureau of Reclamation had by this time considerably expanded its interest and its activity in the Boulder City area by creation of divisional jurisdictions by the Department of Interior. Prior to that time, the Department affairs had been administered from Washington with a sub-office in Denver, but now they divided the country into districts. The Boulder Dam area which comprised parts of the southwest influenced by the contributions from the Dam, power, water, and so on, was known as Region Number Three. Boulder City was made the regional headquarters. They had jurisdiction over Interior Department affairs over all of southern Nevada, southern Utah, western Arizona, and southern California. The Department of Interior as a whole, in the Washington office and the Denver office, began activities to separate the jurisdiction of the city from federal control. The employees of the federal government liked, enjoyed, and appreciated, apparently, the low rent that they had to pay on government-owned homes. They not only enjoyed low rent, but

they enjoyed the cost-free maintenance on the houses that they occupied. They were renovated quite thoroughly every year. They were people, too, who were subject to transfer; many of them were continually on the move.

Another segment of the population was made up of what were known as the power contractors' employees. Of course, the original Swing-Johnson bill that provided for the construction of the Dam also provided for the distribution of the power.

It isn't generally known, but before the federal government would give any consideration at all to the millions of dollars for that tremendous project, which was considered highly experimental, the city of Los Angeles, the Department of Water and Power, Southern California Edison Company, and other interested power users had to underwrite the cost of the entire project. In other words, they had to guarantee that they would buy power enough to pay off the cost of the project, with interest, in fifty years. So they took over the responsibility of power distribution.

There were a number of agencies to receive a portion of the power. There were the states of Arizona, and Nevada; each was to receive 18-3/4 percent of the power generated. Then the city of Los Angeles, Department of Power and Water that I have just mentioned, the Southern California Edison Company, the Metropolitan Water District were all agencies in southern California. Well, the Department of Power and Water for the city of Los Angeles and Southern California Edison Company were named as power contractors. They took a contract with the federal government to actually generate and distribute the power. So they constituted another segment of the society that went to make up Boulder City. They were also a segment of the society that was very complacent. They were Californians,

in employ, anyway. They were influenced by their employers. Their employers were very professional; they were not there to dominate the government or the administration of Boulder City, so they virtually kept a hands-off policy. In the final analysis, it was just the relatively few people engaged in distributive and service industries and the government officials in Washington that were interested in making that separation.

I think it was in 1948 that the federal government instituted an independent research study on the Boulder City administration, with a view to effecting that separation. If you don't have a copy of the study and report in your library, you should have it. They retained the services of Dr. Henry Reining, Jr., of the University of Southern California, and it provided a very fine research project for his office and the students of city management. They came up and spent quite a lot of time here, analyzing all aspects of the city and city affairs and filing a report and recommendations and so on.

That move toward the separation required a full twelve years from the time that it was originally instituted until they were able to carry on through. In the meantime, the Department of Interior or Bureau of Reclamation brought in a professional city manager for the purpose of aiding in making that transition. With his help, citizens of the community were organized into charter committees, planning commissions and so on. I had the privilege of serving for a number of years on the City Planning Commission, and was named to the Charter Commission. But right at that time I began having trouble with what the doctor said was heart trouble, and I was hoping to get out of everything that I was in and didn't stay on through to complete this assignment.

Anyway, the charter was written. It was accepted by the people and the official date, I think, of the transition, was January 4, 1960. Then the federal government turned over to the city the land that was occupied by the city, with several thousand additional acres around for growth and expansion. They also provided the city with a block of power and water in exchange for the services which the city would perform for the established agencies of the federal government, including two offices of the Bureau of Reclamation, the regional office and the local project office, the Bureau of Mines, and any other government agency that might be there.

Following the administration of Simms Ely, the early dynamic City Manager of Boulder City during construction days, the direction of city affairs under the overall jurisdiction of the Interior Department was in the hands of Gray Boynton who had been classed as City Engineer. In fact, as I recall, he continued in that capacity, directing the affairs of the community, supervising the managerial aspects of it. It seemed like under the government jurisdiction, most of the problems had to do with, or were related anyway, to the engineering features. In that office, and serving as the nearest thing to a city manager, Mr. Boynton had quite a responsibility. In some aspects, you might say, he was neither fish nor fowl. In the social responsibilities, he had little authority, but I don't know if it would have been possible under the circumstances to have found anyone that was better qualified for that assignment. He was a very patient man, a scholar, an understanding man. He just fit into that about as well as anyone ever could.

Following Mr. Boynton, and during the period when we decided that we were going to be separated from the federal government, they brought in a professionally trained city manager for that assignment.

I would like to make mention of a number of people who had a lot to do with the direction that the city took during that time. There were some very outstanding men representing the federal government concerned, however, more with the actual operation and direction of the Dam and powerhouse and the regional office.

I have in mind first, Mr. E. H. Moritz. Mr. Moritz was a career man with the Bureau of Reclamation. He had worked on a number of similar projects, a man of outstanding training and experience and judgment. He came in, as I recall, as manager of the project. He was advanced from there to regional director. When he became regional director, he was succeeded by C. P. Christensen, another man of very fine intellect and judgment. Mr. Christensen was succeeded by U. R. Douglass. Mr. Douglass always insisted that his name was spelled with two "s" s". Incidentally, both Mr. Christensen and Mr. Douglass were members of our school board for a number of years an additional contribution to the community. Mr. Douglass, being the last one of those mentioned and active right up during the period of transition, gave a lot in subtle direction and suggestion to the course that was taken.

Another man whose judgment I valued very highly was Bruce Eaton. Bruce Eaton at that time was superintendent of city maintenance, and a man who just seemed to sense the right thing at the right time. Although his judgment wasn't always accepted by everyone, he made a big contribution not only what he was able to do for the city, and for the schools, but also for the foresight that he seemed to have in organizing for the change. He was a member of the city council during the period of transition.

In more recent times, Boulder City has been having troubles that I think are quite

common to any community in getting organized, failing to meet the demands of everyone. It is just impossible to meet those demands because as an independent, incorporated city, it is young. It is also plagued with various socialistic institutions. That is, the city is the owner of the real estate, the city is the owner of the power, it is the owner of the water. Everyone is afraid to make an overt move for fear it will be the wrong move; that is, so far as releasing real estate, or spending money, and so on.

The land on which Boulder City is built, the land which had been leased to the occupants of Boulder City by the federal government, had been turned to the city. The city made it available for purchase to the lessors, so they came up also with a pretty good-sized bank account. The city council was saddled with the responsibility of meeting the demands for growth and expansion in that city. With those responsibilities, came control. Hence, there have been factions develop among the citizenry as a result.

At the time of incorporation, the community separated itself entirely from the government. The city council now brought in its own professionally trained city manager, Curtis Blythe, and Mr. Blythe, of course, was in a position where he found it difficult to please anyone and very easy to displease everyone. Mr. Blythe's services were terminated after four years.

Another city manager, also professionally trained, was brought in, William Cotrell. He found himself in a similar situation. The city council was divided in their attitude toward him. Whether by design or whether it was just coincidental, when the two councilmen who were strongly in favor of Mr. Cotrell were out of town, an emergency meeting was called by the other three to immediately terminate the services of Mr. Cotrell. Andy

Mitchell, one member of the commission, was in Logan, Utah, going to summer school. Robert Broadbent, a pharmacist in Boulder City, and the other member, was out on vacation. They were given twenty-four hours notice of the meeting, but they got back for the meeting, and it was quite a wide-open town forum. It was indicated that the calling of the emergency meeting for this particular purpose was contrary to provisions of the charter, so a meeting was called for the next evening in order to make it legal. The whole town turned out.

I am not going to go into the details, but anyway, in the long run, the city manager's services were terminated. There were enough incensed people in the community that they petitioned for a recall of the mayor. They held the recall election, but the mayor was endorsed by the majority of the people.

The incense in the community came as a result of the approach to the firing of the manager rather than to the action. It was recognized that it was in the power of the city council to fire the city manager at any time, but they felt that it should have been done open and above board when all of the city council were present. Anyway, as a result of that recall, Andy Mitchell eventually resigned from the city council, feeling that he was not representing the interests of the people. They are going ahead at the present time under a new city manager, but with the same old problems plaguing them.

One very interesting aspect of the social life of Boulder City, setting it aside and making it quite distinctive, I think, has been a continuation of the policy that was instituted by the federal government, the Department of Interior, and Simms Ely, of keeping the city free of liquor. Of course, when Simms was in control, the sale of any alcoholic beverage was restricted in conformance to

the national policy on prohibition. But when the Prohibition Amendment was loosened by the introduction of 3.2 percent beer, and it was recognized that it was not necessarily intoxicating, Boulder City was opened to 3.2 percent beer. It was otherwise kept entirely free of hard liquor, primarily by the wishes of the people. The people generally felt that if they wanted liquor, they could get it, but they had seen Boulder City grow up without the influence of the local dispensary of that commodity. They felt that it was a good thing for the community, it was a good thing for particularly the younger generation, the rising generation, school youngsters and so on, so they kept it free.

There was never any request of the federal government for substantial change in their policy on liquor. There may have been requests for licenses, but the federal government, in any case, refused to issue any permits. When the city was separated and incorporated, the great majority of the people were still adamant that hard liquor should not be sold in Boulder City, and that provision was written into their charter. Even the majority of the people wanted to go beyond that, and have written in by the federal government a deed restriction on the land that would be turned to the people. But, while I think that was given consideration by the courts, it was felt that it would be very poor national policy; it would be un-American; people should have the privilege of deciding for themselves rather than have it foisted on to them from Washington, D. C. In any case, the city charter at the present time carries the provision that there shall be no hard liquor sold in Boulder City. So the sale of liquor is still limited to beer.

Further, another interesting aspect is the freedom of Boulder City from the wide-open gambling that is so typical and characteristic

of the rest of Nevada. Under the jurisdiction of the federal government, again the Bureau of Reclamation, they refused to grant any licenses or grant any leases for business purposes that did not carry restrictive clauses forbidding gambling. So we came up to the chartering aspect of it, and again the people were proud of the fact that they were one community that was free of gambling. They felt again a meritorious influence on the younger generation particularly. It had been debated for a long time. We had seen the economic advantages that had come to Las Vegas, particularly the "Strip," but I think that most of them felt that they were not in a position to compete with the "Strip." Anything that they might do would be of a second-class nature, and would actually constitute more of a problem for them than a blessing. So again, the city charter prohibits granting of licenses for gambling. Boulder City is one town in the state that doesn't have as much as a single slot machine.

In reminiscing on the social developments of Boulder City, people generally look to Boulder City as being something of the ideal community that the Interior Department originally sought to build. However, people, I think, are still people. There has been a lot of speculation as to the effect of the social nature of the community from the training, the growth, the development of teenagers, and school children generally. We have had a very delightful situation in Boulder City in that I think that officials to a great extent have been freed of fighting those problems; but I don't mean to say, either, that they have been entirely free of them.

I have been associated, of course, with the younger generation in Boulder City over a period of twenty-three years in my capacity as a school administrator, and we still had problems, regardless of the nature of the

school or the community. Youngsters still had to experiment with liquor in Boulder City. They were able to get around the law, and get beer. Of course, again, it was a minority, but I think that regardless of the community that you are in, the major influence on the morals of the young people are the morals that are taught and inspired in the family, rather than the laws and rules of the community. We noted repeatedly that morals cannot be legislated as was demonstrated, I think, during the period of prohibition. I think that applies also to youngsters as well as to the older generations. I spent a number of years in educational work in Las Vegas before going to Boulder City. I was well acquainted with the youngsters there and I feel, I have felt right along, that the major dominant influences were those of parental training, family training, rather than legislation. Education in Boulder City

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Schools were a state responsibility. They turned to the state. Yes, it was a state responsibility. The state will do it, if it is possible to collect sufficient taxes. The state had been trying to collect taxes on the reservation out there, and Six Companies, Inc., were the only ones that had only taxable property at all. But Six Companies, Inc., said, "Well, we can't be taxed; we are an agency of the federal government." The federal government owned the land, and so only personal property and construction property could be taxed. So the state was helpless until they fought a case through the courts and the courts granted them the right to collect taxes on the reservation. It took a couple of years, and so the school year opened, and there was no provision at all for the schools.

Parents recognized the need and the emergency, and there were those who were qualified to teach. They offered their services for a fee. The parents paid the tuition on each youngster. In fact, I think for a while they were holding school in a tent, until Six Companies made available a couple of their dwelling houses. The parents manufactured some backless benches. The kids got such books as they had, and instruction was given. That applied only to the elementary grades because, as we noted before, all of southern Clark County outside of Educational District No. 1, was a part of Educational District No. 2, with high school facilities provided in Las Vegas.

While they had separated this particular sector, the Boulder Canyon Project Reservation, from Clark County supervision and jurisdiction, Miss Frazier recognized two things: that the kids needed education and that in all probability, the state would win the case in the courts. So the Educational District No. 2 made arrangements for transporting the high school youngsters to the Las Vegas High School. They opened up a bus service and brought those youngsters in.

The second year it had, of course, been recognized by the Bureau of Reclamation and the government, that even if the state won the right to collect taxes on personal property they still would be in no position to build a building. The building would call for the selling of bonds. Bonds could be sold only on the basis of real estate, and real estate was definitely owned by the United States. So the Bureau of Reclamation presumed to go ahead and build the building, such as it was. Well, basically, it was a good building. They then dedicated it for the kids. Six Companies, Inc., recognized a responsibility in providing a schooling for their employees, if they were going to retain worthwhile employees. That

is, they recognized the family man as the more responsible type; in fact, they had to have them. So they put up a sum of money to provide teachers' salaries. They turned the administration over to Sums Ely, the city manager.

Simms Ely, incidentally, is another very striking, very strong, very capable personality. They used to speak of him during Dam construction days as "the Hitler of Boulder City." He had the assignment by the government to keep the town clean. When a foreman showed up in town drunk, that foreman was exiled from the community. Six Companies came to Ely, "We have to have the foreman." "Well, that is too bad, you can't have him; he can't come back on this reservation. And he didn't. Six Companies found a new foreman.

Ely had been a newspaper editor in Arizona for a number of years and just as a sidelight, he had an interesting hobby; that of historian on the Lost Dutchman Mine in the Superstition Mountains. He wrote a history of it after many many years of research. It is a very interesting little volume. It is just a little background on one side of his nature. He was not a popular city administrator with the people, because he had been given a mandate by the federal government. They chose a man whom they felt could control the situation that night arise.

The state of Nevada had permitted the federal government to withdraw several acres immediately contiguous to the Dam site, and Mr. Ely, as manager, set up an inspection station on the border, in Railroad Pass, and any car that entered was subjected to an inspection. At that time, I don't believe trunks had become standard equipment on automobiles, but they would look under the seat and wherever else they thought there might be any liquor hidden away. (I might say that there is one back way into Boulder City, known as Bootleg Canyon. It is a pass through the hills and not an easy

pass, but if people did want to do a little smuggling, they came in by of Bootleg Canyon. Of course, as long as people are people, that thing happens).

So Ely selected the teachers. He had the problem, however, of standards. There were no standards to go by. He had the question of certification. There was no provision for certification of teachers, and so there was no provision for the recognition of the work that was done. By 1933, the courts had passed on the right of the state to collect taxes. They recognized that right, so the county assessor, Frank De Vinney, went in and made the assessments and got things rolling.

Things weren't that easy, though, because taxes are collected a year behind the assessments. Here was a state responsibility, and the state went ahead and made its apportionment. I think they got emergency loans and carried on under a school district. They organized a school district, as I recall, in October of 1933. They employed the principal of the elementary school whose name was Robert O. Weede, and they began operating with state supervision, state accreditation of teachers and state recognition of the work done.

Mr. Weede, I think, was a very fine educator. I don't know all of the ramifications that entered into it, but it seems that it was not a question of his work or his achievement; it was a question of the bridge parties and community cliques. Both he and his wife were avid bridge players and they got into a clique. I think probably, from what I have been able to glean, the troubles that grew out of it were probably more her fault than anyone else's. Anyway, there was conflict between Weede and one member of the school board particularly. It was a Mrs. Ida Browder Hancock.

Mrs. Ida Browder Hancock was another very interesting and strong character. She was, I think, a naturalized citizen from

Austria. Anyway, she was a descendent of early Austrian nobility. She looked the part, she dressed the part. She was a nice person, if you were on her side. She was interested in the community. She was a business woman there; she operated a cafe. She had a number of buildings there. In fact, I guess, she owned or had a lease on most of one of the blocks at one time. She got crossed up with Weedes.

There was another school board member, H. O. Watts a strong man who was superintendent of the power company, California Electric Power Company, that brought the power in, providing the power for the construction of the Dam. When power generation began, they were one of the sub power contractors. He supervised some of the lines that transmitted power to California. Again, some of spouses entered into the picture. Anyway, these two were instrumental in getting Weede moved out. A recall election was held. Mrs. Hancock was moved out, Watts was retained. So, when I went out there, the board was made up of Otto Littler, an office engineer for the Bureau of Reclamation; H. O. Watts, who was a superintendent for the California Electric Power Company and affiliated also with the Southern California Edison Company; and Andy Latham, who had been appointed. At that time Mr. Latham was an assistant superintendent for the Department of Water and Power in the city of Los Angeles.

They were all executives themselves. When they interviewed me, they told me what they wanted, what they expected, what they would do, what they expected me to do. They expected to give me all the help they could in setting up the budget. I was to prepare for them a statement of policy and procedure for their approval, and I was to run the school on the basis of the policies they approved. That is the way it was as long as we had them in

office. They were thoroughly professional in their relationships with me.

We did have, though, a financial problem, because as long as Six Companies was operating there and at full blast, they had several million dollars worth of equipment that was subject to taxation. So the schools operated, and were probably—after they got going for a few years—more affluent than the schools in Las Vegas. The evaluation rate per pupil was considerably higher than it was in Las Vegas. That lasted very briefly.

They did have a building problem, because the enrollment was much in excess of what the one building had been designed to take care of. That was only temporary, too, because the construction of the Dam, rate of construction, exceeded the original expectations and plans. They cut short the period that was allowed, I think, by three years, so construction time was five years instead of eight. So as construction of various parts was completed, Six Companies would move out their equipment, the valuation would decrease, and the income for schools would go down. So by 1938, the school district was virtually bankrupt. That was probably another of the factors that tended to upset the conditions and the administration.

The school board appealed to the Nevada Congressional delegation for help. Jim Scrugham was in Washington at the time; he went to Congress in 1933, a very influential man in Congress. He was an engineer by training. He had come to Nevada as a teacher of engineering at the University. He graduated from there to become state engineer. He had become, of course, after that, governor. He had been defeated for the second term as governor, but had won a place in Congress.

He had been given an assignment on the sub-committee on appropriations for Interior Department, so he was right in there where

he was writing government expense policy on Boulder City. He worked in a provision whereby the government would recognize its obligation to the extent of 50 cents per day for each child attending the Boulder City schools who was a dependent of a government employee. That put Boulder City back in an operating sphere.

Furthermore, of course, the population had dropped way down. There was surplus space in the school building. Las Vegas, on the other hand, was growing. They would be glad to let Boulder City elementary school take care of some of the Boulder City high school students. They wrote a contract with the Boulder City elementary school to provide ninth grade instruction for those youngsters. In, I think about 1937, the ninth graders went to school out there. In 1940, we took care of the tenth graders; '40 and '41, we took care of the eleventh graders. In '41 and '42, we had a twelve-year school, and in '42, we had our first graduating class.

With the addition of the high school students, there came agitation for additional facilities to provide for special needs. The school needed a gymnasium, a shop and home economic facilities, science facilities and so on; facilities that could not be provided by the building that had been originally constructed. So again, Jim Scrugham was instrumental in getting an appropriation of some \$75,000— at least it grew to that. A building was planned by the local Bureau of Reclamation engineers, and construction began in 1940.

They had it under way when I went out there. In fact, Otto Littler had brought the plans to me as Deputy State Superintendent for my approval. If I had been able to look at the school building plans as objectively then as I can now, that is, with a little knowledge of schoolhouse planning, I'd have scratched

them to pieces in a hurry. Anyway, they went ahead and let a contract for the building of it.

I can tell you best probably the type of building it was by quoting from a statement by a specialist on school building facilities. During the war, Boulder City again had a growing spurt and we ran woefully short on school building accommodations for students. So we made application to the War Production Board for permission to build a building. Well, the War Production Board sent out an investigator known as a specialist on schoolhouse facilities from San Francisco and he made his report. He gave a very comprehensive coverage of the facilities we had and wound up something like this, "Existing facilities consist of one sixteen-room school building, which should be occupied exclusively by the elementary grades, and an adjacent monstrosity consisting of a misplaced airplane hanger, designed apparently by a dam builder interested in basketball, with five additional rooms tacked on as though an afterthought, designed to serve none of the modern objectives of modern educational program.

It was designed by dam builders, and it was built about like the Dam was. The Dam is about as much steel as it is concrete. Those walls—and I have seen them try to cut into them. Contractors have invariably lost money in trying to cut through the walls for remodeling purposes.

I remember one time after we had become a part of the county system, the county had some very thorough and skilled and knowledgeable maintenance men. One was Jim Griswold. Jim came out one time for the purpose of providing some sound insulation on the interior of the gymnasium. I said to him, "Jim, how are you going to tack that insulation on to that wall?" "Oh," he said, "Concrete nails." I said, "If concrete nails won't

penetrate it, what will you do?" "Well, they will." I said, "Just what if they won't. What will you do?" "Oh, we'll use (I don't know what he called it, what the technical name for it is. Anyway, it is an explosive gun that will penetrate most anything)." I said, "Well, what if that won't penetrate that concrete?" "Aw," he says, "It is preposterous."

He got some concrete nails. "Well, let's go hammer them in." He looked at me kind of quizzically, and he took the nails and a good hammer and went to try them out. He gave the nail a good rap to make sure he would demonstrate to me that they would penetrate. The concrete nail, designed to penetrate good, substantial, fully-cured concrete just bent over, made no penetration at all. He had just as much success in penetrating the wall with the gun. It was impossible to do anything with that at all. The concrete had been mixed according to the government specifications, and the Bureau of Reclamation had learned a lot about concrete since they built Lahontan Dam (I have noticed that that is deteriorating; the concrete itself). Anyway, that is the nature of the construction of the walls of that gymnasium building and they are two feet thick in places.

The company that came in to build that building went broke before the walls were up and there was quite a little trouble in getting it finished, but the bonding company had to come through and stand the contractor's loss on this building. When the time comes to move that building out of the center of that town, they are going to have a problem.

With the coming of World War II, of course, even in anticipation of World War II, the government knew that Hoover Dam was to be a very strategic part of our defense and they began building, in 1941, a military police camp in Boulder City. That in itself contributed to a large percentage increase in

population and in student enrollment. That, in turn, increased our need for additional school facilities.

I have already noted that we had made application to the War Production Board for permission to build. We had had so much dissatisfaction, however, in the buildings that had been provided. The one that I have just discussed was wasted money because of inadequate planning. We knew that we would want to build for permanency. The Bureau of Reclamation indicated that they would go along to make the money available for the building. The War Production Board recognized and acknowledged that we were in need of the facilities, and they approved limited construction.

They would authorize, I think, twelve additional classrooms; no provisions at all for special facilities such as a gymnasium, shops, and so on, that we would so desperately need. So the school board decided that rather than take just what they would get, they would prefer to get by on emergency facilities—because it would still remain only on emergency until the war was over—on the gamble that they could get something later that could be built on a permanent community-need basis.

So we began looking around for emergency school rooms that would satisfy our need. We occupied the basement in the Episcopal Church. We took over a basement in the Grace Community Church, and made two school rooms there. We utilized the basement of the LDS church. Then as opportunities presented themselves, in order to get out of the various restricted confines of those facilities, as the military camp was evacuated, we picked up an occasional building from them, moved it onto the school grounds, adapted it for instructional purposes. We acquired a building from the American

Legion that had been built and used by them for recreational purposes, and made that into six school rooms of various capacities. In such manner, we carried on our school activities until the war was over. Then, of course, we began to agitate with Congress again for appropriations and the necessary funds to go ahead with our project.

At different times, various Congressional investigating committees would come to Boulder City. We never missed an opportunity to try to make contact with them to show them what our limitations were, and to try to sell them on our needs and on their responsibilities to meet those needs. On one occasion, there were three members of the Interior Subcommittee on Appropriations came in and we arranged a meeting with them. They were a hard-boiled crew, and they were not too receptive to the story that we told. I think that we did give them something to think about. At that time local school building construction by the United States government was foreign to their way of thinking. That is, there was one from Pennsylvania, one from Iowa, one from South Carolina. They had not encountered any situation comparable to ours. At the same time, they couldn't see why the community couldn't provide for its own buildings. I think probably their minds were closed to our problem. Anyway, we continued to work through our own congressional delegation, but by this time we had lost Jim Scrugham. We had Pat McCarran and Molly Malone in the Senate, and Charlie Russell in the House of Representatives.

So I was in communication with Charlie. He was a personal friend of Ben Jensen of Iowa, who was a member of this subcommittee on appropriations. Charlie took it up with Jensen directly, and wrote back that he would recommend that someone come back and present the matter to them in their regular

budget hearing session. So the board had me work up our case and go back and present it.

I was very well received, much differently than I had anticipated from our experience with them when they were in Boulder City. They interrogated in great detail on a number of things, and particularly did they stress the possible influence of Communism in schools.

After we got through with our session, Charlie Russell told me, "That is a really crucial problem here in the east; the infiltration of Communism into the schools." We, of course, had absolutely none of it out here; it was foreign to our thinking. I was quite surprised that they placed such a stress on it. When I went in, they had indicated to me that they could give me about twenty minutes, but I was in there two hours and ten minutes.

Then Pat McCarran also arranged for me to appear before the Senate Appropriations Committee. I told them my story, however much more briefly, because they were meeting as a larger body. Senator McCarran, I think, was more interested in just having me appear and indicate the problem, than to go into any detail, because he thought he had the influence to swing the committee vote.

Anyway, the appropriation was approved. There was no specific amount, but it was indicated that a provision would be made for the construction of the necessary classrooms.

There were two political entities concerned with the construction of the buildings; the Bureau of Reclamation, represented by the project, and regional offices of the Bureau of Reclamation, and the Boulder City School District. Incidentally, by this time, we had initiated state legislation that created another school district, the Boulder City Educational District No. 3, made up of Boulder City.

The legislation was patterned after that which set aside Educational District No. 1, back in 1921, We had taken the matter up with the

school board, Miss Frazier, and Educational District No. 2, and they had agreed that under the then current educational philosophy and school district organizational policy, it would be the thing to do to set up an independent school district. So we secured the legislation that made provision for Educational District No. 3. Our boundaries were coterminous with the Boulder City Elementary School District. Then through local, administrative steps, we unionized the two districts so that they were under the one school board and one administration.

There were those two bodies, then, that were very vitally concerned; the school board interested in getting what it wanted from a strictly educational point of view, the Bureau of Reclamation by virtue of the fact that it was government money that was to be spent under its jurisdiction. We had both experienced embarrassment from the inadequate planning of previous years, but the Bureau insisted on providing their own architect. They had to do that under the government policy. But the school board was skeptical of a government architect who was more qualified in dam building, and so we appealed to the State Department of Education of California for help from their special division for schoolhouse planning.

The Sacramento office recommended that we contact Charles D. Gibson, who was a field representative of the state division of schoolhouse planning. I described to him our situation, and invited him to come to Boulder City. He came up. We had arranged a meeting at which we had present representatives of the Nevada Department of Education, the Bureau of Reclamation regional office, the Project office, the Boulder City Board of Education, the government architects and the building specialist from California. All were concerned with the project, the planning and design.

Charlie Gibson knew his schoolhouse planning and he also knew human nature. The architect was a very fine old gentleman of an outstanding California firm; one that had done a lot of design work in that state. His firm had designed the City Hall of Los Angeles, the Union Depot and a number of comparable projects of that magnitude and importance. He had reason to be quite pompous. He was. Charlie Gibson won him over, and they worked beautifully together. They hurriedly agreed on a philosophy of school building design that was very revolutionary for Nevada at that time. It was 1948 when this planning was going on; 1949, when the building was constructed. It was designed and built with the minimum of ostentation and a maximum of convenience; designed for the country in which it was built to take advantage of a maximum of natural lighting, with absolutely no direct sunlight in the school rooms at all; designed for the most effective school room size and shape. Normally, in the traditional school the room was designed to be thirty-two feet square by providing bilateral lighting.

Well, we got the regular classrooms constructed along with office space, but we were still short a gymnasium and shop facilities. We would get those two years later. We were still short of athletic field and landscaping.

By this time, we had several changes on the school board. H. O. Watts and F. A. Latham were still with us when we created the Union School District. We had set up a five-man board instead of the three, and the government had added the director of the project office of the Bureau of Reclamation. That gave him jurisdiction over Boulder City operation and maintenance, so we had a very good friend in the city maintenance department. That city maintenance department had access to work crews and heavy equipment. The school board

member-director was also the boss of the city superintendent of maintenance. So through their good offices, we wound up with the best football field in the area, the best track in the state, and a very beautifully landscaped schoolyard.

When Maude Frazier decided that she was ready to retire, I got a telephone call one night from a member of their school board. In fact, it was the president of the school board who had given me a six-mile ride one night after I had had that long walk. He called me up and asked me if I would consider making application for the Superintendent's job in Las Vegas. It was right at that time that we had this thing in the mill and I was having too much fun with it. Then, too, I felt I was building a system; I could see what I was doing; and I could see achievement, whereas Las Vegas was getting so big that it just didn't appeal to me at the time. So I decided that I would stay on where I was. There were other factors that needed to be considered, such as the environment in which we were raising four boys. They were getting along very well at Boulder City, they were in wholesome social environment. So we stayed on.

I have often wondered how wise I was in leaving Las Vegas in the first place. I have noted, when I first came to Las Vegas it was during the Depression period, but I had a good job, and as I looked around I had a lot of friends who were victims of the Depression. They had jobs, but they didn't begin to compare with mine. They were driving grocery trucks and doing janitor work in grocery stores, serving as apprentice meat cutters, driving laundry trucks, or something of that nature. But as I look at those fellows now, those that were driving laundry trucks own a string of laundries, the apprentice meat cutter is the head of a chain of meat markets, and the grocery clerk is, of course, running a chain

of grocery stores. Others have been pretty successful all along the lines that they have gone into, and are much more independent than I am. But then again, when I consider other factors, like my family and the pride and satisfaction I have in them, the possibility that had I done differently and accumulated a lot more in material wealth that my family relationships could be a whole lot different, I wouldn't do things any differently.

1942 and 1943 were difficult years. I guess it was in 1942, when I had quite a shock. The athletic instructor (who was also shop teacher and coach) came in and said that he had been offered a commission by the navy. We had a game scheduled in Ely that weekend. He said, "I have to be in Reno Thursday for my physical examination. I will take that, and then come across to Ely and supervise the game." He said, "That is all I can do for you." So I took the team to Ely, but that was the easy part of it. It was trying to find a replacement for the coach after that that was difficult.

So I carried on for several weeks as elementary principal, city superintendent and part-time P. E. instructor. We got Gerald 'Hap' Nellis, a former high school coach, who was working for the Bureau of Reclamation to go out on the field with the boys, work with them. Just a matter of two or three weeks after that, Lewis Pulsipher, the young fellow I had brought in as high school principal, came to me and said that he had accepted a commission in the United States Navy, and he was gone. So I took over the principalship of the high school too. Well, that is way things were going.

As the country made ever increasing efforts in behalf of the war, our school problems increased. Men faculty members were at a premium. Married women, who, since the depression, had been denied regular teaching positions, were welcomed back to the

profession. The unmarried teachers seemed to rush to get married and then followed their husbands to the army training camps. The war time uncertainty had its effect on the students. A general feeling of insecurity created unrest and disciplinary problems multiplied. In 1943, my former high school principal told me of the need for educators in the service so I applied for a commission in the navy. When I was taking my physical examination the doctor looked in my mouth and shook his head. "They will never take you with those dentures," he said. A record of hayfever clinched their decision and my application was rejected. So I went back to school to fight the battles of shortages; teachers, equipment, supplies and school rooms. Everything but pupils. It seemed that the population explosion struck us in the school system prematurely.

The schools, however, enjoyed the support and confidence of the people of the community throughout the war years and then on through the building years. The voters regularly elected strong people to the school board and the schools were recognized for the high standards and the quality of their graduates. This was particularly noticeable in relation to the schools of our neighboring states.

The occupational pursuits of the Boulder City community brought a large number of employees from southern California. This also resulted in frequent student transfers to and from the metropolitan district in and around Los Angeles. Invariably the students who transferred to our schools were one full grade in achievement level behind the students of the same age in our schools. Conversely, transfers from our system into the California schools were advanced a full grade when being adjusted to their achievement level in the California system.

The newly arrived parents were generally aware of the differences existing between the school systems, and they usually expressed themselves as well pleased that their children were entering a more formal and conservative type training than was characteristic of the schools that followed the ``progressive philosophy.

During the war and post war years, activities of the national government had so increased over the country that more and more communities found themselves unable to assume the responsibilities of providing school accommodations for the increased enrollment occasioned by federal activities. The federal government recognized its obligations in this regard and adopted legislation to meet its responsibilities under the provisions of Public Laws 874 and 815.

Inasmuch as these laws were designed to meet the needs of all schools with enrollment of federally-activated students, the federal aid to the Boulder City Schools was secured. Annual solicitations and special appropriations were no longer necessary.

Throughout the years, however, state aid to the schools had been a perennial problem. Financing had been left largely to local school districts, and on the basis of local district and county taxes. Provision had been made for some state aid for the elementary schools, but the high school system had evolved through the years dependent exclusively on county and local district support. This left a great degree of disparity. There were counties with heavy concentrations of students and a correspondingly low valuation. Conversely, there were counties with large property valuations and relatively small student populations. Clark County was one of the former. Accordingly, as the population of Clark County increased, the pressure for constructive

changes and equalization in the state financial also increased.

The 1940's witnessed an increase in professional interest throughout the state and an effective school administrators association was organized. Discussion of common problems resulted in proposals to the legislature for revision of the laws providing for state support to the schools. The administrators' association also had the support of the parent-teacher associations. This was particularly true in the southern part of the state where new people were pouring into the area and were encountering many problems attendant to fast growth. At the meeting of the administrators, called to consider the financial problems facing the schools, the suggestions for increased state aid to the schools ranged from \$200 to \$1600 per classroom unit. After some discussion, Ben Church, superintendent of the schools of Henderson, presented a letter and petition from the P. T. A. of his community in which the recommendation was made that the state adopt a minimum salary schedule of \$2400.

The suggestion left the administrators gasping. A natural conservatism had developed in the group through many years of financial stringency. A \$2400 minimum salary was too much to be expected. After discussion, however Dr. Fred Traner, Dean of the School of Education at the University of Nevada, and a highly respected educational leader, offered a motion that the association adopt the recommendation of the Henderson P. T. A., and propose to the legislature that funds be made available at the next session of that body to provide a minimum teacher's salary of \$2400. The association endorsed the motion and then gave the movement its most enthusiastic support with the result that the legislature adopted the most liberal changes in school laws in its history.

The post war inflationary changes, however, soon created demand for still greater aid to the schools. Each session of the state legislature was faced with new demands for increased aid. From these repeated requests came the demand for a comprehensive study and plan for meeting the needs of public education and for a master plan that would eliminate the annual emergency demands for more funds for operation. Peabody College of Tennessee was chosen to make the survey. The study and proposed plan, released in November of 1954, recommended an upgrading in the formula for financing the schools, and also made a revolutionary recommendation for the schools on a county-unit basis. The Peabody formula for finance and administration was adopted as a "package deal" by the following session of the state legislature.

The new law provided a total revolution in school administration. Individual school districts were merged under the single administration of the county school district. The Boulder City Union School District became a small cog in the large and rapidly growing Clark County school system. The merger was made at a cost to Boulder City schools of a sense of individuality and independence in school affairs. A compensating factor, however, was found in a greater degree of financial security. The approaching separation of Boulder City from federal jurisdiction (achieved in 1960) would necessarily deprive the schools of the city of a large percentage of the federal aid that had been provided since 1938. The newly created county district now provided a much broader base from which the individual schools would draw assistance. Only in this way could the schools be adequately financed.

The transition to the new organization and administration was made without

incident under the strong leadership of Dr. R. Guild Gray, the first superintendent of the new school district. I continued to serve in the Boulder City Schools as area administrator and principal of the Boulder City Junior-Senior High School until 1963. At that time Harley E. Harmon, a former pupil of some thirty-four years previous, offered me a position in the Frontier Fidelity Savings and Loan Association. So, after thirty-four years in the service of the schools of the state I resigned from the school system and accepted employment in the public relations and research department of the finance company.

THE MODERN LDS CHURCH

I have made mention previously of the early organization of the Mormon church and the influence of the church in the settlement, particularly of southern Nevada in which those various elements were made as part of the Dixie Mission, also known as the Southern Mission with headquarters in St. George, Utah. This relationship continued as long as St. George area was known as a mission. Eventually—and I can't remember the date—the St. George mission was made into a full-fledged stake of the church, the stake being the religious administrative unit, the top local administrative unit, next to that of the church itself.

The church is divided first into stakes, then the stakes are subdivided into the next administrative unit, known as the ward. So the Nevada communities became at that time, a part of the St. George Stake, and continued to be administered from that southern Utah community. They, in turn, were made into wards of the St. George stake. This continued until, I think, 1912, when distances and the growth in southern Nevada justified the

establishment of a stake in Nevada. At that time, communities of Clark and Lincoln counties were organized into the Moapa Stake, with headquarters of the stake at Overton. Willard S. Jones was named as the first stake president. The stake at that time consisted of wards at St. Thomas, Overton, Mesquite, Bunkerville, Alamo, and Panaca. That organization continued for many years until Las Vegas began to grow, and there were enough church members who made their homes in Las Vegas to justify organization there.

Las Vegas was first organized as a branch of the Overton ward. Then about 1924, it was made a ward with Ira J. Earl as the first bishop. Las Vegas, of course, was destined to grow beyond any of the other wards and about 1940, they organized the second ward. Then additional wards were organized quite rapidly until Las Vegas became the dominant community in the entire area, justifying the further subdivision into stakes.

In order to eliminate the distance problems attendant to the administrative work spread

over two counties, the communities in Lincoln county were combined with some of the smaller communities in southern Utah. A new stake was made, known as Uvada Stake, and Moapa Stake became the Clark County organization, with headquarters at Las Vegas and Byron L. Bunker as the president of that stake. I might say that Willard S. Jones had served in this capacity as president of the Moapa Stake for, I think, twenty-eight years. Las Vegas continued to grow. Boulder City was made a ward of the stake about 1938, and Henderson was organized about 1942.

Again, I am not sure of dates, but with the continued growth, the Moapa Stake was divided again and the Las Vegas Stake was created. There was a reorganization of the Uvada Stake, and Alamo became part of the Moapa Stake which was then made up of the communities of Overton, Bunkerville, Mesquite and Alamo. The Las Vegas Stake comprised the wards of Las Vegas, Henderson, Boulder City, Kingman, Arizona, and Needles, California.

Then with continued growth of Las Vegas, there was another separation and the Lake Mead Stake was created, made up of four wards at Henderson, one in Boulder City, one in Kingman, and one in Needles, California. More recently, Las Vegas has been subdivided again, and still again, so that there are now three stakes in Las Vegas. So in the territory that originally comprised branches of the St. George Mission, and later part of the St. George Stake, and still later Moapa Stake, now there are Uvada, Moapa, Las Vegas, Las Vegas North, Las Vegas West, and Lake Mead stakes.

I might also point out that I have noted a comparable growth over the entire state of Nevada. When I attended the University of Nevada in 1925, until 1929, the Moapa Stake, I think, was the only stake in Nevada. There

was a fairly strong branch appended to the California Mission in Sparks, and another smaller branch in Reno. Since that time there has been created the Nevada Stake which has original headquarters at Ely. Now, I think that all of Nevada is organized; all communities are within stake organization. Within the area of western Nevada, there are now two stakes that I am sure of, Reno, and Mt. Rose.

In spite of the many changes in the organization of the church for administrative purposes there have been no changes in the doctrine of the church as it was preached or adhered to when the church was originally founded. In this principle are encountered some of the basic philosophy and principles of the church.

I might make mention, in order to clarify the problem, that the LDS people look upon their church, or their doctrine, as being a restoration of the doctrine and the organization that existed at the time of Christ. They take scripture as a basis for this; scripture, and also revelation—the scripture pointing to, and prophesying a way during what we know as the early Christian period. Then, of course, with the Protestant Reformation, Protestant groups are all off shoots of the mother Catholic church. In any case, the church was organized as a restoration of what had existed in its supposed state of purity as established by Christ. So the church feels that on that basis, there should be no changes from the basic doctrines.

The doctrine that was taught by Joseph Smith, by Brigham Young, or by any other of the recognized church officials, is considered even today as basic church doctrine. The priesthood as it was organized by Joseph Smith is the priesthood which is active today. There has been to my knowledge no major change or refutation of any doctrine that

was preached by any of those founders of the church, or any of those considered as prophets of the church.

There have been modifications in adherence to doctrine or in policy, to conform to the laws of the land. For instance, one thing that is frequently cited is the policy of the church on polygamy. Polygamy was abandoned, not as a doctrine of the church, but in conformance to the laws of the land.

A basic activity of the church, of course, is proselyting. In view of the fact that the doctrine is to the effect that we are a restoration of the Holy Gospel, it is felt that it is an obligation to preach that doctrine in conformance with the scriptures to "every nation, tongue and people." So the church carries on a very active missionary service.

While it isn't mandatory in any sense of the word that the members serve on missions, every youngster, or every youth, who lives in accordance with the principles of the church to merit the opportunity to serve on a mission, is given that opportunity. That is, again, within limitations. For instance, when I speak of limitations; there is the limitation at the present time imposed by the church itself wherein we will not interfere with the draft policy of the United States. The United States government has recognized right along the policy of the church in that regard, and have been most cooperative in that. At the same time the church has recognized that they have an obligation to serve their country, and so they are not going to interfere with political responsibility. Otherwise, those who meet the standards of the church are given the opportunity for missionary service.

The church is sending missionaries into every country in the world where relations are found compatible, particularly to the free European countries, South American

countries, Central American countries. They are sending them into South Africa, and some to the Orient. They are also going into Japan and Korea. Missionaries are going out in numbers of about 6,000 a year. There are in the neighborhood of 12,000 of them out continually. Each one that is called is expected to serve anywhere from two to two and a half years.

During recent years, their success has been really quite phenomenal. Most of the missionaries return with credit for anywhere from twenty to seventy converts during that period of time. Of course, their success is not always the same, either. In some of the strong orthodox countries of Europe, the people are very loathe to even listen to the doctrine.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH A “UFO”

In 1953, I had an opportunity to become casually associated or acquainted with John Goddard. John Goddard classed himself as an explorer. He was an adventurer. He had, just a short time previously, made a scientific trip the full length of the Nile River with two French scientists in kayaks. He had written the story for the National Geographic magazine. He was planning a similar trip and study of the Congo River, a trip which he made, incidentally, a few years later. He also was interested in getting a pictorial story on movie film of the Colorado River. On this Colorado River story, however, he was doing it more or less in segments, at the convenience of time and energy.

On this occasion, he indicated to me that he wanted to study Havasu Canyon. Havasu Canyon is a tributary canyon to Grand Canyon, although it lies outside the Grand Canyon National Park, and is the home of the Havasu Indians. Some hundreds of years ago, they were forced, through tribal warfares, to take refuge down in the depths of this canyon, accessible only by trail. When

he indicated that he wanted to see Havasu Canyon, and inasmuch as I had a few days available, I asked him to permit me to go along with him.

We made the necessary arrangements. My second boy, Arthur, a youngster of about seventeen years of age at the time, was to go along with us. We phoned in advance to have an Indian meet us on the rim on a Saturday morning, with a packhorse to carry our duff le down. We would hike on down and explore as we went.

So on a Friday afternoon, we drove by way of Kingman, out Highway 66 to Peach Springs. A little beyond, we turned off and took the road out across the mesa to the rim of the canyon. We traveled out through the cool of the evening and arrived there, possibly about eight o'clock, p. m.

There was an old Indian who was also camping on the rim with his daughter. He had come up that evening preparatory to taking a party down into the canyon the next morning. We had a brief conversation with him about camp places, and fuel supply, and so on. We

went ahead and cooked our supper, whiled away a little time.

Just shortly after ten o'clock, I was standing on my sleeping bag, and had kicked off my shoes just preparatory to turning in. I had the impression that I was facing north. All of a sudden, I became aware of a very bright star, directly in the north and only about two degrees above the horizon. I questioned my orientation. I looked up, however, and oriented myself by Polaris so I knew I was facing north. I commented to John Goddard, "John, what star is that up there?"

Well, he looked and apparently he saw it was moving. He thought I was pulling his leg, so he called back, "That's Betelgeuses." I knew he was pulling my leg then, so I looked closer and noted that it was moving and moving rapidly. In fact, it had grown tremendously in size just in the few seconds since I had called his attention to it. So my next comment was, "Well, that is a funny plane, with such a brilliant light in the cockpit and furthermore, no navigation lights."

This concentrated our attention all the more, and so we watched it closely. It was approaching fast. It had coming out of the north, verging off into the southwest. In less time than it takes to tell, it was presenting a longitudinal appearance to us, and instead of one light, there was a series of lights; tremendous sort of porthole-type light. And therein comes one of the peculiarities of the experience; that is, the nature of the light itself.

It was a different light than anything I have ever seen or experienced. It was not an incandescent light as we know them, it wasn't a neon light as we know them, it wasn't a combustible light. Well, I have tried to analyze it many times since. If you look through a window, you see a light; it is a reflected light. If

you see the source of light itself, it is generally just a pinpoint. I had the impression we were looking into the source of light itself, as into a fiery furnace. At the same time, the texture of the light itself was something I don't have words or experience to describe. In any case, we were immediately aware that it was something entirely different from anything we had ever experienced before, and as "flying saucers" were very much in the news, we paid particular attention to it.

It was a beautiful moonlight night. The moon was behind us, and more or less shining on it and I could make out a dim outline as of a cigar-shaped object around that series of lights.

When Goddard became aware, when we began to get the longitudinal view of it and realized it was something entirely different, he said, "I am getting my binoculars." He jumped over to the car, got his binoculars out and got them on it. He is a man that isn't given to getting very excited, but he was excited on this occasion. He said, "I, I, I don't believe it. I, I, I don't believe what I see."

Flying saucers are generally reported as being absolutely noiseless. It was a quiet night, and I made it a point to listen for any possible sound. I thought I could detect a sort of a buzzing murmur. There was no relationship, however, to that of a combustion engine as in the case of a propeller-driven plane, and no roar, of course, of any jet. The thing seemed to glide very smoothly and evenly along with just that murmur, and, of course, the impression that the lights made. But it came and went much faster than the time it takes to tell it.

After it was gone, of course, we discussed it at great length, talking about it from all possible angles of what we had seen and observed. I said to him, "John, what did you see through those binoculars?" He had a very fine pair

of glasses, but had had no time to pass them around, of course. "Well," he said, "I still don't believe it, but for all this world, a Buck Rogers spaceship." "Well," I said, "Did it have wings?" He said, "No wings, absolutely none." "well," I said, "Did it have fins or directional vanes or anything of that nature?" "No," he said, "It was absolutely smooth."

My seventeen year-old boy was as much or more impressed by it than we were. He sensed that it was something out of this world, literally, and he lay awake most of the night, hoping that that thing would come back. There was no element of fear or concern in his thinking at all.

The next morning, the old Indian that I mentioned came by our camp on his way out to catch his horses. We took occasion to ask him if he had seen anything strange the previous night. "Yes." "Well, what did you see?" "Plane." "Did this plane have any wings?" "No wings." "What else can you tell us about it?" "Many lights." "Well, can you tell us any more?" "Like a worm." Well, I knew how the old boy felt, because he didn't have words to describe what he had seen any more than I have to describe the nature of the light that shone from those huge portholes.

Well, the next morning we went on down into the canyon and spent three or four days there. John ran into an archeologist down there who was doing some research, and he wanted to spend more time than I could devote. So I called my wife and told her to come out to the rim and pick us up. We went on home Tuesday.

After getting home, I had occasion to call a friend in Las Vegas and mentioned to him this experience. He passed the word along to a newspaper reporter, and I had a telephone call that night. He wanted the story, and I gave it to him. The morning Sun came out

with headlines: "School Superintendent sees Flying Saucer," with quite a story.

Well, I no sooner got to the office that morning than I got a call from Nellis Air Force Base. They wanted to know if I was the one who had reported seeing the unidentified flying object. "Yes." Would I be available for an interview? Yes, I would be willing to tell them anything I could.

Well, it seemed like they were out there almost before I had hung up. They had two fourteen-inch mimeographed sheets of questions, a questionnaire. They wanted to know everything: where, when, longitude, latitude, altitude, meteorological condition, lighting conditions, what we saw, the lights, the lighting effects, noise or sound, size.

When they came to size, they said, "Well, how big was it?" I said, "I couldn't say. It was dark, there was no way of telling how far out over the canyon it was or how high it was." "Well," they said, "Would you say it was ten or twelve hundred feet in length?" I said, "No, I don't believe I would. I don't believe what I saw was that long; that is, it didn't impress me in that way." "Well, would it have been 300 or 400 feet long?" "Yes," I said, "It could have easily been 400 feet long."

Well, sometime after that John Goddard came through again and stopped at the house. I put the question to him. I said, "There is one thing that we haven't apparently touched on. John, how big was that darned thing?" He said, "Well, it is hard to say. It was dark. You couldn't tell how far away it was or how high it was, but it was big." I said, "Well, would you say it was 300 or 400 feet long?" "Oh," he said, "the lighted portion was that big." I said, "You mean to tell me there was more to it than was lighted?" Of course, it was only the lighted portion that I was able to see with the naked eye, with only the outline around the lights

visible. He said, "Oh, that was just a fraction of the length." I said, "Would you say it was ten hundred or twelve hundred feet long?" "Oh, easily," he said. Twelve hundred feet is the length of four football fields, for instance.

I had received another questionnaire from another investigating organization, and they raised the question of the size of the porthole lights. They said, "How large an object would it take, extended at arm's length, to cover the light, an object the size of a pea or an object the size of a dime?" Well, holding an object at arm's length, I would imagine that possibly a pea would just about cover it. In the case of an airplane, an airplane window as viewed at what I would estimate that distance to be as against this porthole light would probably have appeared as small or smaller than a pinhead. Like a dot.

During succeeding years I have read a number of books on flying saucers. I have read reports of reliable witnesses, airplane pilots, people of that nature. I have become pretty well convinced that we did have an actual sighting of what is generally termed an unidentified flying object.

There have been objects of that type seen in all sections of the world. They have been viewed by thousands of people. There was one seen over Denmark, Belgium, France, and parts of Germany; seen by thousands of people. It was accompanied by the type of craft of which the flying saucer gets its name; that is, the oval or disc type generally known in UFO parlance as "scout ships." In fact, one of them was reported that convinced me that this ship that I saw is referred to as the "mother ship." One of them was seen over Culver City at one time, floating along. This hovered, and two of the scout ships were dispatched. They went out, flying around. Eventually they came back and were taken aboard, and this "mother ship" then just disappeared at terrific speed.

A similar sighting was observed by pilots and passengers of the British Overseas Airways line, flying from Ontario to Labrador, preparatory to taking off over the Atlantic. This "mother ship" was observed some distance off to the left of the flight and it was also accompanied by a large number of "scout ships." The crew of the airliner radioed ahead that there was an unidentified flying object in sight, described it, and a couple of jets were scrambled to come out to meet them and reconnoiter. When the jets were still a few minutes away, they radioed that they were approaching and would arrive in a matter of a few minutes. Immediately, according to this story, the scout ships converged onto the "mother ship" and just disappeared. Many, many stories of that type have been recorded.

As I say, as I have contemplated the experience, and reviewed it, why, it has just answered quite a lot of questions in my mind. I am convinced that it is extraterrestrial, that it is dominated, controlled, by highly intelligent beings, that they have their eye on us. I sometimes even go so far as to accept them as answers possibly as to how this world was colonized with plants, animals and humans. There is no question in my mind but that they are real.

In summarizing the factors that have influenced my life and the development of my philosophy, one of the dominant elements has been that of religion and religious training and the heritage passed on by my forebears who were in turn dominated by their chosen faith. As previously noted, religion had also been a dominant factor in the lives of my grandparents and great grandparents. All had been converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints during the early formative years of that sect. All had followed the church in its various hegiras in search of religious freedom. All had moved west with the early migrations to the Rocky Mountain area. All of them, in turn, had been called by church authorities to settle and pioneer in frontier areas in the intermountain region. They had all been subjected to the rigorous life of the unbroken western wilderness in their fight to make homes and rear families. Under these conditions their religion and the principles of freedom for which they strove became a part of their every day life and thought, and

were in turn inculcated into the thinking of their children.

Basic to this thinking were the accepted teachings of a pre-existent life, the purpose of this life, and the immortality of the soul, together with the means by which these various stages of existence were achieved, and the requirements for growth and development to reach the ultimate through these stages of existence.

Man's existence on the earth is considered a medium for the growth and development necessary to achieve an exalted state in eternal life. This growth is realized by overcoming the opposition that is a basic part of a divine plan. Another part of the plan, however, is the free agency with which man is endowed and through which he decides for himself the effort he will make to achieve the goals that are available to him.

The free agency and the fight to overcome opposition is a philosophy similar to that presented by the eminent historian Arnold J. Toynbee. In his monumental work, *A Study of History*, he develops the thesis of challenge

and response as the motive forces which contribute to development and progress. He utilized adversity as the vehicle to present the challenges and to provide the stimuli for the exertion that produces excellence.

The stimuli cited by Toynbee are also the stimuli sought and used by the church as material challenges for the earlier members. These adversities are identified as hard countries, new ground, blows, pressures and penalizations. The early Mormon settlements of southern Utah and southeast Nevada met the criteria remarkably well. The settlers arrived in a state of poverty. They faced the hostility of the local native Indians. The soil was virgin and unbroken, in many instances impregnated with alkali and sterile. The water also presented problems. During spring floods there was too much and it washed out their dams. During the summer drought there was too little and their crops withered. Insect hordes, disease and heat plagued and tested their physical as well as their moral and spiritual fiber. Through these trials of adversity basic values of life were forged and became real. True values and treasures found in giving life and service to fellow men, the virtues that are considered to be eternal rather than worldly.

These doctrines and teachings also influenced political beliefs and economic activities and decisions. The belief in free agency led to the advocacy of restrictions on the powers of government. Moral duties and obligations stress self reliance and responsibility rather than the unrestricted dole and free relief. The significance placed on life and the dignity of the individual pleads for the need, the right and the responsibility of man to meet his own challenges, solve his own problems, pay for his own mistakes, and to grow and progress.

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